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24
'On our first day out, I asked leave to speak for myself, whom I regarded as the captain of a great ship.'—*ROUNABOUT PAPERS*, No. ix.

For two-score years the tumbling spray
Has fallen from our bows away ;—
What change of skipper and of crew,
Since first the CORNHILL sailed the blue,
Grain-laden, Master, THACKERAY !

TROLLOPE, GEORGE ELIOT, GASKELL,—nay,
Our own dear 'BLACKSTICK' of to-day,—
What wealth of genius old and new
For two-score years !

Once more we steer across the bay.
With no vain thought our hearts are gay :—
Our log is clean, our course is true ;
What we have done we mean to do ;—
We hope, once more, to lead the way
For two-score years !

AUSTIN DOBSON.

*THE MAKING OF A MARCHIONESS.*¹

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

V.

AFTER she had taken her early tea in the morning, Emily Fox-Seton lay upon her pillows and gazed out upon the tree branches near her window, in a state of bliss. She was tired but happy. How well everything had 'gone off'! How pleased Lady Maria had been, and how kind of Lord Walderhurst to ask the villagers to give three cheers for herself! She had never dreamed of such a thing. It was the kind of attention not usually offered to her. She smiled her childlike smile and blushed at the memory of it. Her impression of the world was that people were really very amiable as a rule. They were always good to her at least, she thought, and it did not occur to her that if she had not paid her way so remarkably well by being useful they might have been less agreeable. Never once had she doubted that Lady Maria was the most admirable and generous of human beings. She was not aware in the least that her ladyship got a good deal out of her. In justice to her ladyship, it may be said that she was not wholly aware of it herself, and that Emily absolutely enjoyed being made use of.

This morning, however, when she got up, she found herself more tired than she ever remembered being before, and it may be easily argued that a woman who runs about London on other people's errands often knows what it is to be conscious of aching limbs. She laughed a little when she discovered that her feet were actually rather swollen, and that she must wear a pair of her easiest slippers.

'I must sit down as much as I can to-day,' she thought. 'And yet with the dinner-party and the excursion this morning there may be a number of little things Lady Maria would like me to do.'

There were indeed, numbers of things Lady Maria was extremely glad to ask her to do. The drive to the ruins was to be made before lunch, because some of the guests felt that an afternoon

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jaunt would leave them rather fagged for the dinner-party in the evening. Lady Maria was not going, and—as presently became apparent—the carriages would be rather crowded if Miss Fox-Seton joined the party. On the whole, Emily was not sorry to have an excuse for remaining at home, and so the carriages drove away comfortably filled, and Lady Maria and Miss Fox-Seton watched their departure.

‘I have no intention of having my venerable bones rattled over hill and dale the day I give a dinner-party,’ said her ladyship. ‘Please ring the bell, Emily. I want to make sure of the fish. Fish is one of the problems of country life. Fishmongers are demons, and when they live five miles from one they can arouse the most powerful human emotions.’

Mallowe Court was at a distance from the country town delightful in its effects upon the rusticity of the neighbourhood, but appalling when considered in connection with fish. One could not dine without fish, the town was small and barren of resources, and the one fishmonger of weak mind and unreliable nature.

The footman who obeyed the summons of the bell informed her ladyship that the cook was rather anxious about the fish as usual. The fishmonger had been a little doubtful as to whether he could supply her needs, and his cart never arrived until half past twelve.

‘Great goodness!’ exclaimed her ladyship when the man retired. ‘What a situation if we found ourselves without fish! Old General Barnes is the most ferocious old gourmand in England, and he loathes people who give him bad dinners. We are all rather afraid of him, the fact is, and I will own that I am vain about my dinners. That is the last charm nature leaves a woman, the power to give decent dinners. I shall be fearfully annoyed if any ridiculous thing happens.’

They sat in the morning-room together writing notes and talking, and, as half past twelve drew near, watching for the fishmonger’s cart. Once or twice Lady Maria spoke of Lord Walderhurst.

‘He is an interesting creature to my mind,’ she said. ‘I have always rather liked him. He has original ideas, though he is not in the least brilliant. I believe he talks more freely to me, on the whole, than to most people, though I can’t say he has a particularly good opinion of me. He stuck his glass in his eye and stared at me last night—in that weird way of his—and said

to me, "Maria, in an ingenuous fashion of your own, you are the most abominably selfish woman I ever beheld." Still, I know he rather likes me. I said to him, "That isn't quite true, James. I am selfish, but I'm not *abominably* selfish. Abominably selfish people always have nasty tempers, and no one can accuse me of having a nasty temper. I have the disposition of a bowl of bread and milk."

'Emily,' as the wheels rattled up the avenue, 'is that the fishmonger's cart?'

'No,' answered Emily at the window, 'it is the butcher.'

'His attitude towards the women here has made my joy,' Lady Maria proceeded, smiling over the Deep Sea Fishermen's knitted helmet she had taken up. 'He behaves beautifully to them all, but not one of them has really a leg to stand on so far as he is responsible for it. But I will tell you something, Emily.' And she paused.

Miss Fox-Seton waited with interested eyes.

'He is thinking of bringing the thing to an end and marrying *some* woman. I feel it in my bones.'

'Do you think so?' exclaimed Emily. 'Oh, I *can't* help hoping——' but she paused also.

'You hope it will be Agatha Slade,' Lady Maria ended for her. 'Well, perhaps it will be. I sometimes think it is Agatha if it's anyone. And yet I'm not sure. One never could be sure with Walderhurst. He has always had a trick of keeping more than his mouth shut. I wonder if he could have any other woman up his sleeve.'

'Why do you think——?' began Emily.

Lady Maria laughed.

'For an odd reason. The Walderhursts have a ridiculously splendid ring in the family which they have a way of giving to the women they become engaged to. It's ridiculous, because—well, because a ruby as big as a trouser button *is* ridiculous. You can't get over that. There is a story connected with this one—centuries and things, and something about the woman the first Walderhurst had it made for. She was a Dame Something or Other who had snubbed the King for being forward, and the snubbing was so good for him that he thought she was a saint and gave the ruby for her betrothal. Well, by the merest accident, I found Walderhurst had sent his man to town for it. It came two days ago.'

'Oh, how interesting!' said Emily, thrilled. 'It *must* mean something.'

'It is rather a joke. Wheels again, Emily. Is *that* the fishmonger?'

Emily went to the window once more. 'Yes,' she answered, 'if his name is Buggle.'

'His name *is* Buggle,' said Lady Maria. 'And we are saved.'

But five minutes later the cook herself appeared at the morning-room door. She was a stout person who panted and respectfully removed beads of perspiration from her brow with a clean handkerchief. She was as nearly pale as a heated person of her weight may be.

'And what has happened now, cook?' asked Lady Maria.

'That Buggle, your ladyship,' said cook, 'says your ladyship can't be no sorrier than he is, but when fish goes bad in a night it can't be made fresh in the morning. He brought it that I might see it for myself, and it is in a state as could not be used by anyone. I was that upset, your ladyship, that I felt like I must come and explain myself.'

'What *can* be done?' exclaimed Lady Maria. 'Emily, *do* suggest something.'

'We can't even be sure,' said cook, 'that Batch has what would suit us. Batch sometimes has it, but he is the fishmonger at Maundell, and that is four miles away, and we are short-anded, your ladyship, now the 'ouse is so full, and not a servant that could be spared.'

'Dear me,' said Lady Maria. 'Emily, this is really enough to drive one quite mad. If everything was not out of the stables, I know you would drive over to Maundell. You are such a good walker,' catching a gleam of hope—'do you think you could walk?'

Emily tried to look cheerful. Lady Maria's situation was really an awful one for a hostess. It would not have mattered in the least if her strong, healthy body had not been so tired. She was an excellent walker, and ordinarily eight miles would have meant nothing in the way of fatigue. She was kept in good training by her walking in town. Springy moorland swept by fresh breezes was not like London streets.

'I think I can manage it,' she said nice-temperedly. 'If I had not run about so much yesterday it would be a mere nothing. You must have the fish, of course. I will walk over the moor to

Maundell and tell Batch it must be sent at once. Then I will come back slowly. I can rest on the heather by the way. The moor is lovely in the afternoon.'

'You dear soul!' Lady Maria broke forth. 'What a boon you are to a woman!'

She felt quite grateful. There arose in her mind an impulse to invite Emily Fox-Seton to remain the rest of her life with her, but she was too experienced an elderly lady to give way to impulses. She privately resolved, however, that she would have her a good deal in Stanhope Street, and would make her some decent presents.

When Emily Fox-Seton, attired for her walk in her shortest brown linen frock and shadiest hat, passed through the hall, the post-boy was just delivering the midday letters to a footman. The servant presented his salver to her with a letter for herself lying upon the top of one addressed in Lady Claraway's handwriting 'To the Lady Agatha Slade.' Emily recognised it as one of the epistles of many sheets which so often made poor Agatha shed slow and depressed tears. Her own letter was directed in the well-known hand of Mrs. Cupp, and she wondered what it could contain.

'I hope the poor things are not in any trouble,' she thought. 'They were afraid the young man in the sitting-room was engaged. If he got married and left them, I don't know what they would do. He has been so regular.'

Though the day was hot the weather was perfect, and Emily, having exchanged her easy slippers for an almost equally easy pair of tan shoes, found her tired feet might still be used. Her disposition to make the very best of things inspired her to regard even an eight-mile walk with courage. The moorland air was so sweet, the sound of the bees droning as they stumbled about in the heather was such a comfortable, peaceful thing, that she convinced herself that she should find the four miles to Maundell quite agreeable.

She had so many nice things to think of that she temporarily forgot that she had put Mrs. Cupp's letter in her pocket, and was halfway across the moor before she remembered it.

'Dear me!' she exclaimed when she recalled it, 'I must see what has happened.'

She opened the envelope and began to read as she walked;

but she had not taken many steps before she uttered an exclamation and stopped.

‘How very nice for them!’ she said; but she turned rather pale.

From a worldly point of view the news the letter contained was, indeed, very nice for the Cupps; but it put a painful aspect upon the simple affairs of poor Miss Fox-Seton.

‘It is a great piece of news in one way,’ wrote Mrs. Cupp, ‘and yet me and Jane can’t help feeling a bit low at the thought of the changes it will make, and us living where you won’t be with us—if I may take the liberty, Miss. My brother William made a good bit of money in Australia; but he has always been homesick for the old country, as he always calls England. His wife was a Colonial, and when she died a year ago he made up his mind to come home to settle in Chichester, where he was born. He says there’s nothing like the feeling of a Cathedral town. He’s bought such a nice house, a bit out, with a big garden, and he wants me and Jane to come and make a home with him. He says he has worked hard all his life, and now he means to be comfortable, and he can’t be bothered with housekeeping. He promises to provide well for us both, and he wants us to sell up Mortimer Street and come as quick as possible. But we *shall* miss you, Miss; and though her Uncle William keeps a trap and everything according, and Jane is grateful for his kindness, she broke down and cried hard last night, and says to me, “Oh, mother, if Miss Fox-Seton could just manage to take me as a maid I would rather be it than anything. Traps don’t feed the heart, mother, and I’ve a feeling for Miss Fox-Seton as is perhaps unbecoming to my station.” But we’ve got the men in the house ticketing things, Miss, and we want to know what we shall do with the articles in your bed-sitting-room.’

The friendliness of the two faithful Cupps and the humble Turkey-red comforts of the bed-sitting-room had meant home to Emily Fox-Seton. When she had turned her face and her tired feet away from discouraging errands and small humiliations and discomforts, she had turned them toward the bed-sitting-room, the hot little fire, the small fat black kettle singing on the hob, and the two-and-elevenpenny tea-set. Not being given to crossing bridges before she reached them, she had never contemplated the dreary possibility that her refuge might be taken away from her. She had not dwelt upon the fact that she had no other real refuge on earth.

As she walked among the sun-heated heather and the luxuriously droning bees, she dwelt upon it now with a suddenly realising sense. As it came home to her soul her eyes filled with big tears, which brimmed over and rolled down her cheeks. They dropped upon the breast of her linen blouse, and left marks.

'I shall have to find a new bed-sitting-room somewhere,' she said, the breast of her linen blouse lifting itself sharply. 'It will be so different to be in a house with strangers—Mrs. Cupp and Jane!' She was obliged to take out her handkerchief at that moment. 'I am afraid I can't get anything respectable for ten shillings a week. It was very cheap. And they were so nice.'

All her fatigue of the early morning had returned. Her feet began to burn and ache, and the sun felt almost unbearably hot. The mist in her eyes prevented her seeing the path before her. Once or twice she stumbled over something.

'It seems as if it must be farther than four miles,' she said. 'And then there is the walk back. I *am* tired. But I must get on, really.'

VI.

The drive to the ruins had been a great success. It was a drive of just sufficient length to put people in spirits without fatiguing them. The party came back to lunch with delightful appetites. Lady Agatha and Miss Cora Brooke had pink cheeks. The Marquis of Walderhurst had behaved charmingly to both of them. He had helped each of them to climb about among the ruins, and had taken them both up the steep dark stairway of one of the towers and stood with them looking over the turrets into the courtyard and the moat. He knew the history of the castle, and could point out the banquet hall and the chapel and the serving-places, and knew legends about the dungeons.

'He gives us all a turn, mother,' said Miss Cora Brooke. 'He even gave a turn yesterday to poor Emily Fox-Seton. He's rather nice.'

There was a great deal of laughter at lunch after their return. Miss Cora Brooke was quite brilliant in her gay little sallies. But though she was more talkative than Lady Agatha she did not look more brilliant. The letter from Curzon Street had not made the beauty shed tears. Her face had fallen when it had been handed to her on her return, and she had taken it upstairs

to her room with rather a flagging step. But when she came down to lunch she walked with the movement of a nymph. Her lovely little face wore a sort of tremulous radiance. She laughed like a child at every amusing thing that was said. She might have been ten years old instead of twenty-two; her colour, her eyes, her spirits seemed of a freshness so infantine.

She was leaning back in her chair laughing enchantingly at one of Miss Brooke's sparkling remarks when Lord Walderhurst, who sat next to her, said suddenly, glancing round the table:

'But where is Miss Fox-Seton?'

It was perhaps a significant fact that up to this moment nobody had observed her absence.

It was Lady Maria who replied.

'I am almost ashamed to answer,' she said. 'As I have said before, Emily Fox-Seton has become the lodestar of my existence. I cannot live without her. She has walked over to Maundell to make sure that we do not have a dinner-party without fish to-night.'

'She has *walked* over to Maundell?' said Lord Walderhurst. 'After yesterday?'

'There was not a pair of wheels left in the stable,' answered Lady Maria. 'It is disgraceful, of course; but she is a splendid walker, and she said she was not too tired to do it. It is the kind of thing she ought to be given the Victoria Cross for—saving one from a dinner-party without fish.'

The Marquis of Walderhurst took up the cord of his monocle and fixed the glass rigidly in his eye.

'It is not only four miles to Maundell,' he remarked, staring at the table-cloth, not at Lady Maria, 'but it is four miles back.'

'By a singular coincidence,' said Lady Maria.

The talk and laughter went on and the lunch also; but Lord Walderhurst, for some reason best known to himself, did not finish his. For a few seconds he stared at the table-cloth, then he pushed aside his nearly disposed-of cutlet; then he got up from his chair quietly.

'Excuse me, Maria,' he said, and without further ado went out of the room and walked towards the stables.

There was excellent fish at Maundell—Batch produced it at once—fresh, sound, and desirable. Had she been in her normal spirits, Emily would have rejoiced at the sight of it, and have

retraced her four miles to Mallowe in absolute jubilation. She would have shortened and beguiled her return journey by depicting to herself Lady Maria's pleasure and relief.

But the letter from Mrs. Cupp lay like a weight of lead in her pocket. It had given her such things to think of as she walked, that she had been oblivious to heather and bees and fleece-bedecked summer-blue sky, and had felt more tired than in any tramp through London streets that she could call to mind. Each step she took seemed to be carrying her farther away from the few square yards of home the bed-sitting-room had represented under the dominion of the Cupps. Every moment she recalled more strongly that it had been home—home. Of course it had not been the third floor back room so much as it had been the Cupps who made it so—who had regarded her as a sort of possession—who had liked to serve her, and had done it with actual affection.

'I shall have to find a new place,' she kept saying. 'I shall have to go among quite strange people.'

She had suddenly a new sense of being without resource. That was one of the proofs of the curious heaviness of the blow the simple occurrence was to her. She felt temporarily almost as if there were no other lodging-houses in London—though she knew that really there were tens of thousands. The fact was that though there might be other Cupps—or their counterparts—she could not make herself believe such a good thing possible. She had been physically worn out before she had read the letter, and its effect had been proportionate to her fatigue and lack of power to rebound. She was vaguely surprised to feel that the tears kept filling her eyes and falling on her cheeks in big heavy drops. She was obliged to use her handkerchief frequently as if she were suddenly developing a cold in her head.

'I must take care,' she said once, quite prosaically, but with more pathos in her voice than she was aware of, 'or I shall make my nose quite red.'

Though Batch was able to supply fish, he was unfortunately not able to send it to Mallowe. His cart had gone out on a round just before Miss Fox-Seton's arrival, and there was no knowing when it would return.

'Then I must carry the fish myself,' said Emily. 'You can put it in a neat basket.'

'I'm very sorry, Miss, I am indeed, Miss,' said Batch, looking hot and pained.

'It will not be heavy,' returned Emily. 'And her ladyship must be sure of it for the dinner-party.'

So she turned back to recross the moor with a basket of fish on her arm. And she was so pathetically unhappy that she felt that so long as she lived the odour of fresh fish would make her feel sorrowful. She had heard of people who were made sorrowful by the odour of a flower or the sound of a melody, but in her case it would be the smell of fresh fish that would make her sad. If she had been a person with a sense of humour, she might have seen that this was a thing to laugh at a little. But she was not a humorous woman, and just now——

'Oh! I shall have to find a new place,' she was thinking; 'and I have lived in that little room for years.'

The sun got hotter and hotter and her feet became so tired that she could scarcely drag one of them after another. She had forgotten that she had left Mallowe before lunch, and that she ought to have got a cup of tea at least at Maundell. Before she had walked a mile on her way back, she realised that she was frightfully hungry and rather faint.

'There is not even a cottage where I could get a glass of water,' she thought.

The basket, which was really comparatively light, began to feel heavy on her arm, and at length she felt sure that a certain burning spot on her left heel must be a blister which was being rubbed by her shoe. How it hurt her, and how tired she was—how tired! And when she left Mallowe—lovely luxurious Mallowe—she would not go back to her little room, all fresh from the Cupps' autumn house-cleaning, which included the washing and ironing of her Turkey-red hangings and chair-covers—she would be obliged to huddle into any poor place she could find. And Mrs. Cupp and Jane would be in Chichester.

'But what good fortune it is for them!' she murmured. 'They need never be anxious about the future again. How—how wonderful it must be to know that one need not be afraid of the future! I—indeed, I think—I really must sit down.'

She sat down upon the sun-warmed heather, and actually let her tear-wet face drop upon her hands.

'Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!' she said helplessly. 'I must not let myself do this. I mustn't. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!'

She was so overpowered by her sense of her own weakness

that she was conscious of nothing but the fact that she must control it. Upon the elastic moorland road wheels stole upon one without sound. So the wheels of a rapidly driven high cart approached her, and were almost at her side before she lifted her head, startled by a sudden consciousness that a vehicle was near her.

It was Lord Walderhurst's cart, and even as she gazed at him with alarmed wet eyes his lordship descended from it and made a sign to his groom, who at once impassively drove on.

Emily's lips tried to tremble into a smile, she put out her hand fumblingly towards the fish-basket, and, having secured it, began to rise.

'I—sat down to rest,' she faltered, even apologetically. 'I walked to Maundell and it was so hot.'

Just at that moment a little breeze sprang up and swept across her cheek. She was so grateful, that her smile became less difficult.

'I got what Lady Maria wanted,' she added, and the childlike dimple in her cheek endeavoured to defy her eyes.

The Marquis of Walderhurst looked rather odd. Emily had never seen him look like this before. He took a silver flask out of his pocket in a matter-of-fact way, and filled its cup with something.

'That is sherry,' he said. 'Please drink it. You are absolutely faint.'

She held out her hand eagerly. She could not help it.

'Oh, thank you—thank you!' she said. 'I am so thirsty.' And she drank it as if it were the nectar of the gods.

'Now, Miss Fox-Seton,' he said, 'please sit down again. I came here to drive you back to Mallowe, and the cart will not come back for a quarter of an hour.'

'You came on purpose!' she exclaimed, feeling in truth somewhat awestruck. 'But how kind of you, Lord Walderhurst, how good!'

It was the most unforeseen and amazing experience of her life, and at once she sought for some reason which could connect with his coming some more interesting person than mere Emily Fox-Seton. Oh!—the thought flashed upon her—he had come for some reason connected with Lady Agatha.

He made her sit down on the heather again and he took a seat beside her. He looked straight into her eyes.

'You have been crying,' he remarked.

There was no use denying it. And what was there in the good grey-brown eye gazing through the monocle which so moved her by its suggestion of kindness and—and some new feeling?

‘Yes, I have,’ she admitted. ‘I don’t often—but—well, yes, I have.’

‘What was it?’

It was the most extraordinary thump her heart gave at this moment. She had never felt such an absolute thump. It was perhaps because she was tired. His voice had lowered itself. No man had ever spoken to her before like that. It made one feel as if he was not an exalted person at all—only a kind—kind one. She must not presume upon his kindness and make much of her prosaic troubles.

She tried to smile in a proper casual way.

‘Oh, it was a small thing, really,’ was her effort at treating the matter lightly—‘but it seems more important to me than it would to any one with—with a family. The people I live with—who have been so kind to me—are going away.’

‘The Cupps?’ he asked.

She turned quite round to look at him.

‘How’—she faltered, ‘did you know about them?’

‘Maria told me,’ he answered. ‘I asked her.’

It seemed such a human sort of interest to have taken in her. She could not understand. And she had thought he scarcely realised her existence. She said to herself that was so often the case—people were so much kinder than one knew.

She felt the moisture welling in her eyes and stared steadily at the heather, trying to wink it away.

‘I am really glad,’ she explained hastily. ‘It is such good fortune for them. Mrs. Cupp’s brother has offered them such a nice home. They need never be anxious again.’

‘But they will leave Mortimer Street—and you will have to give up your room.’

‘Yes. I must find another.’ A big drop got the better of her and flashed on its way down her cheek. I can find a room perhaps—but—I can’t find’—she was obliged to clear her throat.

‘That was why you cried?’

‘Yes.’ After which she sat still.

‘You don’t know where you will live?’

‘No.’

She was looking so straight before her and trying so hard to

behave discreetly that she did not see that he had drawn nearer to her. But a moment later she realised it because he took hold of her hand. His own closed over it firmly.

'Will you,' he said, 'I came here, in fact, to ask you—if you will come and live with me?'

Her heart stood still—quite still. London was so full of ugly stories about things done by men of his rank—stories of transgressions, of follies, of cruelties. So many were open secrets. There were men who even while keeping up an outward aspect of respectability were held accountable for painful things. The lives of well-born struggling women were so hard. Sometimes such nice ones went under because temptation was so great. But she had not thought—she could not have dreamed——

She got on her feet and stood upright before him. He rose with her, and because she was a tall woman their eyes were on a level. Her own big and honest ones were wide and full of crystal tears.

'Oh!' she said in helpless woe, 'oh!'

It was perhaps the most effective thing a woman ever did. It was so simple that it was heart-breaking. She could not have uttered a word. He was such a powerful and great person, and she was so without help or stay.

Since the occurring of this incident, she has often been spoken of as a beauty, and she has without doubt had her fine hours, but Walderhurst has never told her that the most beautiful moment of her life was undoubtedly that in which she stood upon the heather, tall and straight and simple, her hands hanging by her sides, her large tear-filled hazel eyes gazing straight into his. In the femininity of her frank defencelessness, there was an appeal to Nature's self in man which was not quite of earth. And for several seconds they stood so and gazed into each other's souls—the usually unilluminated nobleman and the prosaic young woman who lodged on a third floor back in Mortimer Street.

Then—quite quickly—something was lighted in his eyes, and he took a step towards her.

'Good heavens!' he demanded, 'what do you suppose I am asking of you?'

'I don't—know,' she answered, 'I don't know.'

'My good girl,' he said, even with some irritation, 'I am asking you to be my wife—I am asking you to come and live with me in

an entirely respectable manner, as the Marchioness of Walderhurst.'

Emily touched the breast of her brown linen blouse with the tips of her fingers.

'You—are—asking—*me*?' she said.

'Yes,' he answered. His glass had dropped out of his eye, and he picked it up and replaced it. 'There is Black with the cart,' he said. 'I will explain myself with greater clearness as we drive back to Mallowe.'

The basket of fish was put in the cart, and Emily Fox-Seton was put in. Then the Marquis got in himself and took the reins from his groom.

'You will walk back, Black,' he said, 'by that path,' with a wave of the hand in a diverging direction.

As they drove across the heather Emily was trembling softly from head to foot. She could have told no human being what she felt. Only a woman who had lived as she had lived and who had been trained as she had been trained could have felt it. The brilliance of the thing which had happened to her was so unheard of and so undeserved, she told herself. It was so incredible that even with the splendid grey mare's high-held head before her and Lord Walderhurst by her side, she felt that she was only part of a dream. Men had never said 'things' to her, and a man was saying them—the Marquis of Walderhurst was saying them. They were not the kind of things every man says or said in every man's way, but they so moved her soul that she quaked with joy.

'I am not a marrying man,' said his lordship, 'but I must marry, and I like you better than any woman I have ever known. I do not generally like women. I am a selfish man, and I want an unselfish woman. Most women are as selfish as I am myself. I used to like you when I heard Maria speak of you. I have watched you and thought of you ever since I came here. You are necessary to every one, and you are so modest that you know nothing about it. You are a handsome woman, and you are always thinking of other women's good looks.'

Emily gave a soft little gasp.

'But Lady Agatha'—she said. 'I was sure it was Lady Agatha'—

'I don't want a girl,' returned his lordship—'a girl would bere

me to death. I am not going to dry-nurse a girl, at the age of fifty-four. I want a companion.'

'But I am so *far* from clever,' faltered Emily.

The Marquis turned in his driving-seat to look at her. It was really a very nice look he gave her. It made Emily's cheeks grow pink and her simple heart beat.

'You are the woman I want,' he said. 'You make me feel quite sentimental.'

When they reached Mallowe, Emily had upon her finger the ruby which Lady Maria had graphically described as being 'as big as a trouser button.' It was indeed so big that she could scarcely wear her glove over it. She was still incredible, but she was blooming like a large rose. Lord Walderhurst had said so many 'things' to her that she seemed to behold a new heaven and a new earth. She had been so swept off her feet that she had not really been allowed time to think—after that first gasp—of Lady Agatha.

When she reached her bedroom she almost returned to earth as she remembered it. Neither of them had dreamed of this—neither of them. What could she say to Lady Agatha? What would Lady Agatha say to her?—though it had not been her fault—she had not dreamed that such a thing could be possible. How could she—oh, how could she!

She was standing in the middle of her room with clasped hands. There was a knock upon the door, and Lady Agatha herself came to her.

What had occurred? Something. It was to be seen in the girl's eyes, and in a certain delicate shyness in her manner.

'Something very nice has happened,' she said.

'Something nice?' repeated Emily.

Lady Agatha sat down. The letter from Curzon Street was in her hand half unfolded.

'I have had a letter from mamma. It seems almost bad taste to speak of it so soon—but we have talked to each other so much—and you are so kind that I want to tell you myself. Sir Bruce Norman has been to talk to papa about—about me.'

Emily felt that her cup filled to the brim at the moment.

'He is in England again?'

Agatha nodded gently.

'He only went away to—well, to test his own feelings before he spoke. Mamma is delighted with him. I am going home to-morrow.'

Emily made a little swoop forward.

'You always liked him?' she said.

Lady Agatha's delicate mounting colour was adorable.

'I was quite *unhappy*,' she owned, and hid her lovely face in her hands.

In the morning-room Lord Walderhurst was talking to Lady Maria.

'You need not give Emily Fox-Seton any more clothes, Maria,' he said. 'I am going to supply her in future. I have asked her to marry me.'

Lady Maria lightly gasped and then began to laugh.

'Well, James,' she said, 'you have certainly much more sense than most men of your rank and age.'

THE END.

IN A MANGROVE SWAMP.

BY MRS. WOODS.

THE road runs steeply down from the uplands, where the tufted guinea-grass grows and the bamboos wave like giant clumps of green ostrich feathers. As it descends, the negro shanties become more frequent, and here and there a delicate-fronded tree-fern stands by the way. The bananas throw a broader, bolder luxuriance of leaf against the trifling foliage of the surrounding forest—since tropical foliage is apt to be a mere multitude of leaves, instead of the grouped, shade-casting masses which give dignity to an English elm at the sombrest moment of summer. Swiftly we drop to the flats and feel, for all the sharp brilliancy of the sunshine, something muffling in the silken air. Then comes the plain and the logwood—miles and miles of it. When the logwood is in flower that means miles of laburnum-coloured blossom wafting delicate sweetness to the mountains and the sea. But just now it means only so much country covered with a tree as trivial in character as the laburnum itself. Here and there a mule-wagon, with its load of burnt-sienna-coloured wood and its complement of ragged negroes, shows vivid in a clearing or on the flaming white of the road. And sometimes we pass a group of low square stone erections in the logwood shade, looking like time-worn tombs in an English churchyard. English tombs they are; tombs of English people who lived and died a century ago in the low many-jalousied houses away among the plantations. They lived luxuriously, the Jamaican planters in those days; but the yellow fever and the malaria took stern toll of them. In the home we left to-day hang three oval pastel portraits of two sisters and a brother, charming old-world young faces. And sisters and brother all died down here on the plain, in one visitation of fever, making the family burial-ground under the logwood trees full and the family house empty.

Older memories still cling about this flat land, for the place to which we are bound keeps its Spanish name of the Meadow-by-the-Sea. But except for a few such names, all trace of the Spaniard has been swept as clean from the island as he swept the whole unhappy tribe of Arawáks, the mild Indians whom he found

here. Probably there was no Spanish building left here a hundred years ago ; but in an earthquake which occurred early in the nineteenth century a great wave rushed up into the country, destroying the little town of Savan'lamar on its way. These earthquakes and hurricanes which periodically devastated Jamaica in its palmy days, are now a forgotten terror, and although the mangrove swamp is still here, the yellow fever is seldom heard of, and the monster malaria has grown a kind of sucking-dove. Yes, the mangrove swamp is here—not the mere collection of evil-smelling mud-banks held together by withies of treelets, which passes for such at Kingston, but the great tropic swamp. It begins a mile or so up from the mouth of the Cabaritta river. The Cabaritta rises but a few miles inland—suddenly, after the manner of Jamaican rivers—and flows through the cane-fields an insignificant stream, like the Ouse or any other midland river in its dull infancy. Yet one cannot but look upon it with more respect, because, small as it is, the alligators come up it, nosing round its swampy banks in quest of calves, nigger picc'nies, and such savoury morsels. But the picc'ny—the piccanniny of London minstrels—must be rather a memory, an aspiration, than a solid fact on the mangrove swamp *menu*, for he knows that alligator, and from the door of his shanty, just a safe distance from the river and no more, must often smile at the hope which springs eternal in the saurian snout.

By the bridge yonder, where the river is already as wide as the Cherwell at Oxford, stand two huts built of sticks. In England we should not consider them satisfactory houses ; but the roofs are quite thick, and the walls substantial enough, no doubt, to create a few draughts and a cosy smell. On a Sunday when churches and chapels, and, as the Scotch sergeant put it, 'ither so-ca'ed releegions' function, probably these little residences send forth a party of fashionably tailored black gentlemen, and ladies in light fancy blouses and hats. On week-days African modes prevail. Surely yonder stands the *Sibylla Africana* herself, her head bound with a linen kerchief, her shining black arms bare to the shoulder, her linen draperies girt about her robust bosom and hips after the manner of an early Greek on a vase. Her companion is a young man whose clothes are like his house, adequate, no doubt, if looked at from the right point of view, but draughty. He carries a knife, broad and curved in the blade, as for sacrifice or the cutting of Golden Boughs ; which he uses for cutting vegetables.

Here, right against the bank, our canoe is waiting for us, a rude canoe dug out of the trunk of a cotton-tree. We have come at the appointed time, but our black boatmen have already been sitting here on and off for hours and hours, like the Frog Foot-man. For what is time, one way or the other, in the country of the African Sibyl? They have made a pleasant diversion for the Sibyl and the other ladies of the stick houses, the youngest of whom has done honour to the visitors by hooking herself rather hastily into a highly starched cotton frock, *à l'euro péenne*. Another visitor, an alligator who passed up the river a few minutes ago, would have done better to await our arrival. To us he would have been important, exciting, while to the ladies he is socially on a level with a blackbeetle—a creature familiar if disgusting. And, after all, I have seen the uncouth beast myself, not only at the Zoo, but on a Nubian mud-bank. For to call him an alligator is inexact. He is a crocodile, a member of the same historic family which has for immemorial ages companioned the 'Serpent of old Nile.' There is no serpent here; whereat we rejoice, and he does not repine.

Once in our 'dug-out' we move quickly down the Cabaritta, which broadens out uncertainly among thickets of tall reeds and beds of the water-hyacinth. The large delicate mauve blossom, floating on its green leaves, is very beautiful, and here on the edge of the mangrove swamp it can encroach at will; but in America they say it is becoming a dangerous nuisance, overgrowing, threatening to block the currents of navigable rivers. Very mysterious the way in which, without any visible change of conditions, some plant which has lived unassumingly alongside of its fellows for millions of years, will suddenly become aggressive and set forth to conquer the world. Others have done it, but to name them would be tedious.

Soon we turn the corner of a low cliff against which a few wretched bananas are making a struggle for existence. Probably they belong to the Sibyl. These are the last signs of cultivation. Awhile the river flows through a melancholy flat which has been cleared of its mighty forest growth; for in those old days, when everything in Jamaica was 'better than it is now,' it seems the mangrove swamp was also 'better.' Spindly trees grow on the flat; dull-foliaged bushes, the characteristic growth of the swamp, reeds, and vast fern-like fronds begin to appear, though not yet in all their luxuriance. Here and there under the muddy banks

a rough canoe is tied, and curious barrel-shaped apparatus for catching fish float on the water. Sometimes the fisherman, a savage primitive figure, stands black against the grey gleamy sky, a long rod or spar over his shoulder, a fish bigger than a salmon swinging against him.

Swiftly, silently our boat, a boat no better than the dug-out in which our prehistoric ancestors explored the river Arun, follows the windings of the Cabaritta till it is involved in the majestic gloom of the great swamp. A black man, wild-bearded, glittering-eyed, girt with a few linen rags, stares at us from the shadow of a mangrove-arch, startled as though he were the primitive savage he appears, and we Columbus and his crew.

The mighty mangrove trees stretch dusky arms high overhead. Long filaments hang from them, the roots of seeds which grow while still on the tree and reach down, down, feeling blindly after sustenance, until they find water or mud. The mangrove trees stand high on great arches of roots, like ruinous incoherent architecture of some lost race, like white jawbones of primæval monsters. Deep within the swamp, where light and air are shut out, there is only a labyrinth of roots, living or dead, and white as skeletons; but here where the sullen stream cleaves a passage through the shadow, there is vegetation, immense, sinister in its luxuriance. On either bank huge fronds, taller than a tall man, grow thick as hart's-tongues in a Devonshire lane, and, framed in the dusky archway of a mangrove, a great white *pancratium* lily gleams amid its clump of fleshy leaves—a lily twice the size of those which make the boast of our conservatories. The water, so dark in the shadow, sends up pale bewildering reflections where the sky discovers it; there is a strange warm clamminess in the atmosphere, which seems to wrap close round the body like a poisonous garment and send a shiver through it, which is not the shiver of chill. Yet this mortal beauty, this gloomy majesty of the tropic swamp, has an indefinable charm, an invading fascination.

From under overhanging mangrove boughs suddenly we shoot out on to the shining pallor of the sea. The Cabaritta has run its brief course and reached the Atlantic. Westward, as far as eye can see, stretches a wide solitary bay, fringed all along its shore with a sombre-coloured fringe of mangrove foliage. On sea and shore alike there is a deadly stillness, the unbreathing hush of primal solitude. Yet we know that life is there, saurians

certainly lying in hid places of the swamp, sharks under the still surface of the water, ready to show their shiny humps at the first hint of possible prey. Life is lurking round us, huge wandering maws, creations of the first blind brutal stirrings of the earth. Under the large foliage of a little island, by which we float and turn, there is a muddy alligator bed. The last time my companion was here he saw the brute lying there, so busy devouring a calf he did not so much as look at the approaching boat.

The furthest point we see is not quite the westernmost point of Jamaica. That is just beyond—Green Island, a promontory stretching out in a north-westerly direction. And all that region is a region of swamps, where only one white man lives, and he under compulsion. From time to time an official comes to inspect the lighthouse, driven rapidly out and yet more rapidly back by a hurrying driver, in terror lest his horses should still be on the road when evening falls and the grey swarm of mosquitoes arises from the swamp. For in that case, says he, they would never reach home again.

There are black people living in the Green Island district. Here, on the edge of the swamp, they seem also but on the edge of civilisation. Out there, in the fever-haunted heart of it, even Sunday clothes must be a name, the Obeah man must ply his trade of terror undisturbed, and life swing back to the old jungle level.

In the jungle, where man grows nearer to the beasts, the beasts, it would seem, grow nearer also to him. This story about the swamp was told me by Mass' Charlie, the old sugar-planter; and I will not affirm it to be true, nor, on the other hand, will I say that it cannot be true.

One morning Mass' Charlie had been out shooting in the swamp; and it was in the old days, when the shooting was much better than it is now. That was before the mongoose came, which, having eaten up all the ground birds, is now obliged to eat the chickens and the tails off the lambs. Mass' Charlie came to a nigger's hut; such a stick hut, I suppose, as we saw by the Cabaritta. And he went into the hut to tell the old man there howdy. Now the floor of the hut was of mud, and he observed something very strange in the middle of it—a kind of great heap, and round the heap a depression. He also noticed that, as he talked to the nigger, the old man began rolling his eyes uneasily in the direction of the door. At last he said:—

'You not stay here much longer, Mass' Charlie, bym'bye' (lest) 'Missus Alligator come.'

'Why alligator come here?' asks Mass' Charlie, wondering.

Then the old man showed him that the strange appearance on the floor of the hut was a nest of alligator eggs, and related how every day the mother came to see that her eggs were safe, and stayed in the hut, taking no notice of its master.

'But if Missus Alligator not nyam' (eat) 'you, she not nyam me,' says Mass' Charlie.

'Dat not so, Mass' Charlie,' replies the old nigger. 'Missus Alligator she know me, but she not know you. Do you know why Missus Alligator she watch de eggs dem so careful? I tell you. Old Mister Alligator, de husband, he vairy bad fellow; he tink of nuffin all de while but how he fill his 'tomach. When he tink it 'bout time dat nest hatch out, he lie dere under de bank vairy quiet, winking wiv his eyes. And when de little alligators come creeping out of de nest and tumbling into de river, he meet the picc'nies one after de oder with his great open mouth and swallow them all down, one, two, tree, twenty, firty, forty. Missus Alligator she not like dat, so when she tink de picc'nies soon hatch out, she make believe she want to go up de river vairy fast. Mister Alligator ask why she in all dat hurry to go up de river dis marning. Missus Alligator say she hear tell dere some nice calves feeding in de meadow 'way beyond de *busha's* house, and she also believe de black ladies working in de cane-fields bring some little fat picc'nies and lay dem down where she ketch dem if she take pains. Den Mister Alligator he tell he like to take a walk with de missus dis marning and smell de sweet cane-trash and ketch her two, tree black picc'nies for her breakfast. Den he swim up de river with all his might; he in such a great hurry he not stop to see wherever de missus come along after. So de missus go back vairy quiet to de nest. Soon de little alligators come out one after de oder, and dey mother take dem to de water and show dem de way to go. So dey slip in one, two, tree, twenty, firty, forty, and swim 'way down de river, so dey father not ketch dem.

'Now I vairy sorry tell you, Mass' Charlie, dat Missus Alligator not always tell de trute. Poor Mister Alligator he not find de calves dem in de meadow beyond de *busha's* house, and he not find de black picc'nies in de cane-fields. So he come home with his 'tomach empty, and he tink he best lie down and keep his eye upon dat nest. At last he get vairy hungry, and he go see why

de picc'nies dem not come down to de river. Well, he get to understand why dey not come, and den trute is, he say some vairy scrampy words; yas, Mass' Charlie, it vairy pity Mister Alligator so 'busive. Missus Alligator's picc'nies not hatched out yet, and maybe he ketch dem dis time. But you not wait here, Mass' Charlie, bym'bye Missus Alligator come down de river.'

PEKING REVISITED.

AN ANNIVERSARY STUDY OF AUGUST 1900.

BY MRS. ARCHIBALD LITTLE.

STANDING a year ago in that chamber painted all round with fiercest lions, where the Mikado of Japan used to sleep surrounded by ladies of the court, because no mere man was held worthy of sufficient trust to approach so near the sovereign's sacred person, I wondered should I ever stand in the Emperor of China's private apartments. Now with the dust of the Forbidden City still clinging to my skirts, I begin to count upon yet one day visiting Lhassa, possibly even interviewing the great Lama, that one remaining ruler yet held in adoration and confinement.

We visit Rome and Athens to marvel at their ruined monuments, but it is the monumental ruins of Peking, the city of mixed memories, that move our wonder now. When I was there fifteen years ago no one ever cared to visit the Southern or the Eastern Cathedrals. To-day the shattered, tottering wall, holding out its gaping windows to the eastern Tartar city, is gazed upon in silence and tears. We do not know how many murders—martyrdoms—those eyeless windows witnessed but last summer. Even the Pehtang or Northern Cathedral, when intact, was but a fine church, built to replace that earlier Northern Cathedral to which the Dowager Empress had objected as overlooking her garden, and which was therefore just about to be ceded to her on the occasion of our previous visit. But now its façade riddled with shot, its aisles propped up by many beams, the trees behind with their bark gnawed off each—one of the sisters said 'By our mules,' but higher surely than any mule could reach—the tumble-down masses of brick and mortar behind the broken walls, the great pits where the mines exploded, engulfing children by the hundred, all recall memories of heroism and yet of suffering so long endured that the heart aches, the eyes brim over with tears, and one sees all things through a mist. 'There,' says a young Portuguese sister, her big brown eyes luminous with the recollection, 'there is where the Italian lieutenant was buried by a shell, and for three-quarters of an hour we could not dig him out.

No, he was alive and only bruised. Ah! that young French lieutenant, that was sad! He was so good. We could but grieve.'

Then we pause by the grave of the Sister Superior who lay dying as the relief came in, 'too late for me,' as she wrote. Her one thought for days past, 'What can I give them to eat to-morrow? What can I give them to eat? There is nothing left.' 'The poor soldiers,' said another sister, 'they suffered so from hunger, although they tightened their belts every day. I tore all my letters into bits and made them into cigarettes. Burnt paper is better than nothing. And they had nothing to smoke. That is so hard for a soldier.' Then we paused by the great pit where so many children lie buried, blown up by the mine. 'And we think there must be another mine over there not yet discovered,' said the new Sister Superior. 'If not, why should that house over there have been completely shattered at the time of the explosion, if there were no mine connecting it?' The sisters are all great authorities upon mines and shells, now. They know too which trees' leaves are poisonous, and tell how the Chinese Christians swelled and suffered, trying to sustain life by eating them. They showed the remainder of their school children; three among them had before the siege lost both their feet through footbinding. 'Surely you did not sleep here, whilst the cannonading was going on?' 'We always moved about with all our tail of children after us to where they seemed to be firing less,' said the young Portuguese sister with the luminous brown eyes. Then came up an old sister of seventy-six. She too had survived the siege. We visited the Bishop. 'Did any of your Chinese recant?' 'A few, very few.' 'I think 12,000 Christians have lost their lives,' said Monseigneur Favier, 'three of our European priests, four Chinese, and many of our Chinese sisters. One priest hung on a crucifix, nailed, for three days before he died. Monseigneur Hamer they killed by cutting his arms and legs to the bone, filling the cuts with petroleum and then setting them alight. What saved us? Oh, a series of miracles! Nothing else. Yes! I know people are talking about my looting. But my conscience is quite clear in the matter. I know what I am doing is right. Let them talk!'

Once more we stood outside the Cathedral looking back at the ruined façade. It was Easter Sunday, a beautiful bright morning, and the soldiers were streaming out from the last military mass, Chasseurs d'Afrique, French Line, Germans and English, and there a little group of tall, dignified blue-jackets. 'Do you want

anything, madame?' 'Only to know of what nationality you are.' 'Austrians, madame.' They were so undoubtedly the most dignified-looking of that very varied gathering of the nations; why is not Austria more to the front with such citizens? We looked at the shot-holes in the Cathedral, and realised that those shot had been the call which from Japan, Tonquin, India, Australia, England, Germany, Italy, France, the United States, Austria, Russia, had summoned this great gathering of the nations to the Imperial City of Peking, right into its heart, its forbidden parts. How little the Chinese thought this would be the result when they fired those rifle-shots!

We drove to the Altar of Heaven through a mixed crowd of dusty humanity, springless carts, rickshas, donkeys, horses, beautiful tall slim Indians, German soldiers with complexions like rosebuds, red-trousered Frenchmen, Bersaglieri weighted with cocks' tails; and when after being tossed from rut to rut we arrived at last in the park-like grounds among the cedar groves leading up to the stately white marble altar, one could not but feel as if transported into a clearer, classic atmosphere, where martyrdoms seemed out of place. Even the Greeks with their worship of the body can have attained to nothing more perfect in the way of humanity than these Bengal cavalry, doubly girt round their slight but sinewy waists, the chain epaulets gleaming less brightly than their teeth and eyes. We pursued our way to the Hall of Abstinence, where they store their grain now, but where the Emperor dined alone in solemn state the night before the ceremony, and then followed the road his cortège must have taken as he went in the early dawning before the break of day to offer sacrifice in this lonely woodland place outside the city gates, for the sins of himself and of his people. For years this Altar of Heaven has been a forbidden sight for any but Chinese, and there is one very ancient temple near it where the tablets of the Emperor's ancestors are kept, and where the Emperor used to pray and meditate after the sacrifice, of which a foreigner told me no prayer nor bribe had ever been able to obtain him a sight during all his thirty years in Peking. It is ancient, and its tiles, of richest blue outside, are of the finest white porcelain within. The curve of its blue-tiled roof is also of ineffable beauty, difficult indeed to obtain in silk, impossible one would have thought in tiles, until here one sees it all blue and shining. Within, the arrangement of richly coloured beams borrowing their blue and green from the pea-

cock's tail, recalls nothing so much as a Chinese puzzle, it is so complex. The doors have great gilded bosses, the hinges of brass are beautiful; the massive pillars, said to be each a single tree-stem, are painted a deep dull red; golden phoenix and dragons alternate in the decoration.

In the Altar of Heaven all is pure white marble, dragon carved, all in nines or multiples of nines; three flights, each of nine steps, lead upwards from nine different points to the uppermost platform. There are nine circles of marble blocks round that central one on which the Emperor kneels, the first circle consisting of nine blocks, the next of eighteen, and so on. To kneel there alone before the daydawn, surrounded by the cedar forests, offering atonement for the sins of the whole people—400 millions—must either elevate a soul or crush it. It seems as if the present Emperor Kwangshu had been purified by all the still and lonely watchings and prayers he has passed through from childhood upwards. Those who knew his father say also that his was a really fine character, which Kwangshu inherits.

The Indian sentries wave people to the left towards the Happy New Year Temple with its threefold roof, a conspicuous object from all over the city, recently restored, and therefore the more shining in its blue tiles and bricks, and gold and blue and red. Because it is all more brilliant the Indians think it the more beautiful, but it is the pure white marble altar, roofless but for the canopy of heaven, that stands upon the holy ground; where for countless centuries the same worship has been offered year after year to the Father Ruler till now the sequence has been broken, and this year on the appointed day at four o'clock in the morning no Emperor's prayers, no steam of sacrifice ascended up to heaven. White marble blocks beautifully carved, and each with a handle to lift it into position, used to indicate the fitting position for each exalted mandarin to prostrate himself and bow his forehead to the ground in the far distance of the outer courtyard, whilst the Emperor alone adored on the raised white marble circular altar with its tall dragon-carved balustrade all around. But neither the Altar of Heaven in its park-like enclosure by the railway station nor the Temple of Agriculture opposite, where General Chaffee and the United States men have established themselves, even in the sacred enclosure where once a year the Emperor used to drive a furrow with his own imperial hand, to show his respect for agriculture, fill the stranger with the thrill one feels on entering the Forbidden City.

There was a time not so very long ago when Europeans used to visit freely the Altar of Heaven; even of late years by special favour foreigners of high position have been admitted. Through the Forbidden City no man of European race is believed ever to have freely walked until now by right of conquest. How I looked and longed at the glittering roofs of the entrance gateways, when last in Peking! What wild dreams I formed of disguising myself as a Chinaman, pigtail, long blue gown, large round spectacles and all, and sauntering in! It seemed not impossible. The penalty if found out, one was told, would be death. Yet that was difficult to believe. It seemed more likely there would be recourse to ministers, and an international question, long official correspondence, and meanwhile, what palace secrets might one not learn! Then again, people who had never seen it assured me positively there would be nothing to see. They were wrong—quite wrong. The very entrance courts, the approaches to the Forbidden City, are so vast, so imposing, so dignified in their proportions and outline, as to fill one with awe before one even hands one's pass to a cheery United States officer outside, and shivers through the great final gateway, like a tunnel through the thick wall, admitting to the Imperial Palace. Through a vast courtyard, glittering-roofed pavilions all around, we go through another oblong-shaped Ting Ehr, or entrance hall, and then find ourselves in the immense courtyard, where the great audiences used to be held. Here the places for the chief mandarins are fixed by bell-like bronzes flattened somewhat at the sides and prettily moulded. The roofs are all of yellow tiles shining golden in the sunshine, as are the roofs of the many gateways one has passed through already outside, and of the entrance gateway all shimmering like gold. The gable ends have a curious pattern of many curves and loops, that looks as if it had been dashed off by a master pen writing in pure gold.

These golden flourishes even outshine the tiles. What must the scene have been when, with their long gowns of many-coloured satins and brocades, the horseshoe cuffs falling well over their hands, the embroidered squares shining on their backs and breasts, and showing by bird or beast embroidered thereupon whether the wearer belonged to the civil or the inferior military caste, with their high boots, long necklaces, and plumed hats, all the dignity of China's officialdom prostrated itself upon the ground before the Emperor, seen dimly seated upon his throne in that distant, distant

Audience Hall into which only a chosen few were ever allowed to penetrate! St. James's seems like a baby plaything by comparison, the Tuileries confined. I can compare the scene to nothing but that at St. Peter's in Rome when in old days the Pope would come outside, raised up on high to lift a hand in benediction of his kneeling people. And the Emperor it must be remembered was the Chinese Pope as well as sovereign.

All the middle avenue of the Forbidden City consists of gateways and audience halls with very lofty glittering roofs outside, carpeted within by silken Kansuh carpets of imperial yellow with dragons intertwined upon them. The beams are dragon adorned, the blue and green of the peacock's tail again. In each long-shaped audience hall, which you enter and leave always by a door in the middle of the wide side, the view is blocked by a throne upon a *daïs*, with two flights of steps leading up to it and with a beautifully carved screen behind. Generally there are *cloisonné* or jade columns bearing incense burners before the throne, often beautifully lifelike *cloisonné* birds on either side, and fans of peacock's feather nine feet high, or wood, or embroidery, to simulate peacock's feathers, standing against the screen behind. Outside in the courtyard are white marble lanterns of great beauty six feet high, bronze cranes and stags for incense burners, huge gilded basins in which golden fish used to swim. But there is absolutely no frittering away on decoration as in so many European buildings. The great designers of the Chinese palace relied upon size and proportion to abase man's soul into his boots before he drew near his ruler, and even now it is difficult to traverse these great distances on foot without realising how small one is. To a Chinese drawing near to his Emperor the feeling of smallness must have been overpowering.

To the east of the Forbidden City lies the women's quarter, which we were not allowed to enter—some of the ladies of the Court are said to be there still; to the west are a variety of apartments. The last audience hall was the Emperor's private library, still with a throne in the centre of the long side that faces those who enter; to the right his little bedroom, with blue curtains; to the left the far more imposing bedroom of his aunt, with double set of imperial yellow gauze. Some people say neither Emperor nor Empress has inhabited this palace for the last twelve years; some that the Emperor lived in it till the *coup d'état* in 1898, when the aunt, who summarily stole him crying from his mother's

cradle to set him upon the Dragon throne, equally summarily deposed him. Anyway this palace has not lately been done up; the winds and dusts of Peking sweep through it, and whatever valuable curios were movable have been—*removed*. There are, however, still the two great Sang de bœuf Dresden vases presented by the German Emperor, a multitude of clocks, a large French picture, and curiously enough a bronze gift from the Russian Czar, a group of a man on horseback conferring liberty and saving humanity, originally destined for him of Bulgaria, they say. Even the packing papers of directions have never been taken off from this. It is standing now stuck away in a dark corner on the floor not far from the private study, into which the Emperor is supposed to have retired when he wished to be absolutely alone. A large mirror occupies one side of this little chamber, a Kang the whole of another, the wider side; a low cloisonné table is on the Kang, on either side of which he and a friend could recline after the Chinese pleasant confidential fashion. It was here a lady said to me with indignation: 'Isn't it horrid the way these eunuchs keep so close to us?' 'Well, you see, they don't know what kind of people we are, and it is their duty to see that we don't spoil or take anything.' 'That's just it. How can I?' she said with exceeding irritation, flouncing out of the little study into a larger one with a long table, on the other side of which I pictured his teacher kneeling, as the latter told me in England he had done, whilst giving Kwangshu his daily hour's instruction in English. The teacher said the Emperor could speak English well except for shyness. Shyness seems a special hindrance of eldest sons and emperors. If only the young Czar had been able to meet Kwangshu when on his tour round the world! Would a great sympathy from the similarity of their positions have impelled the two young men to speak with frankness to each other, and have established a friendship that not even the attractions of Manchuria could avail against?

The most beautiful spot in Peking, if among so many picturesque retreats there be one more enticing than the others, is the island on the lake where the Emperor for the last two years before his flight was confined as in a gilded prison. It is covered with yellow tiled pavilions, each more picturesque than the other, with summer-houses, boat-house, rockery, petrified trees, fantastic little Chinese gardens, and is connected with the mainland by a wooden drawbridge, which was withdrawn when

Kwangshu lived there in a tiny world of beauty, that must have made his heart ache with longing as he gazed across the lake at the lofty roofs of the Forbidden City or towards the Chinese city of the outside world. The island itself is situated in the outer precinct of the Imperial City close to the Winter Palace of the Dowager Empress, where Field-Marshal von Waldersee now lives.¹ Peking is the city of beautiful wood carving. In the house where I was staying—it belonged to an imperial Duke, a nephew of the Empress—there was a round doorway cut in a screen of carved sandal wood, that still seems to me about as beautiful as anything could look with the additional charm of the warm perfume. In the Imperial Palace the frames of the openings between the rooms are carved *à jour* into the likeness of vines and grapes, or bamboos, quite lifelike yet also thoroughly artistic. But in the Winter Palace the screens between the rooms are more than five inches thick, yet carved *à jour* like a lacework of Cantonese black wood. And facing you as you enter, in a light brown wood, I think of camphor, is another kind of carving such as I have seen nowhere else. It is as if a curtain of wood had hung over the partitions and been looped back. And in this curtain are irregular bands representing mountains, the wood gnarled and fretted as if to depict the ravines and out-jutting spurs, from the mountains rises a row of orchids, life-size and just like nature, then mountains again and another band of flowers, and so on and so on. This struck me as not only original but as also the most interesting kind of wood carving I have ever seen, a kind of wood carving over which one might lose oneself in pleasurable meditation for a whole afternoon discovering always something new and more.

In this room, which is supposed still to be much as it was, there is a magnificent imperial yellow carpet on the floor, with, as usual, great dragons, and yellow brocade cushions, dragon decorated, on the deep Kangs, that being placed on either side in the windows seem like very deep window seats. Magnificent cloisonné and porcelain vases decorate the reception rooms opening into one another. On a dais at the back are two throne-like armchairs, one of imperial yellow, one very capacious and somewhat lower

¹ Alas! all burnt since I saw it, the gallant Field-Marshal escaping with difficulty with his life, and the chief of his staff falling a victim to the flames. If European stoves be rashly introduced into Chinese buildings, such calamities are the inevitable result.

of red lacquer, worked so as to look like coral carved. Before the door stand two tall cranes, masterpieces of bronze casting, and behind them two deer, which must be of a different epoch, quite inferior to the cranes, and bearing no comparison whatever with the great living, breathing bronze ox resting by the lake side at the Summer Palace, the finest representation of an animal that I have seen in China. One almost seems to feel the sweet breath of the cow, looking on this bronze masterpiece, with which must be ranked the exceptionally beautiful bronze incense-burner in the entrancing garden of the Palace in the Forbidden City.

Visitors now pass out through that garden with its long shady walk that invites to meditation and through temples, of which one, the smaller, contains pictures of the good old school of Chinese art, of which so few specimens are to be seen in China to-day, and whose meaning I would fain have explained to me. This garden also contains prototypes of all the far-famed trained trees of Japan, aged trees with trunks gnarled and knotted by Chinese skill, their branches all gone, only a spreading curtain of twig-like branches cunningly trained over a corridor. The trees were still, as they should be, additional proofs of the Chinese love for altering and, as they think, improving upon nature, but it was evident the Court gardeners had fled, or were no longer supervised, for the jasmines and other yellow flowers were hanging in prodigal luxuriance from the corridors, over which they must evidently have been meant to twine, whilst no pale pink peonies or other beautiful potted flowers decked the rock-work.

Climbing to the top, however, we got a roof view well worth the seeing, and in especial of the two solitary blue pavilions in the Forbidden City. They are not yellow tiled but of the same exquisite azure, as of an English summer sky, that forms the ground-work of the wonderful porcelain dragon screen at the far north end of the Lotus lake. This screen is close to the glittering Pailow of yellow and green, through whose delicately carved marble arches one can look out on to the lake and the far-famed marble bridge, and beyond that again over the bridge which no man but the Emperor of China might use. Now we all can drive over it. It is true, however, that of its former magnificence only the marble supports remain. Rough poles and boards replace its balustrade and flooring. I do not know what museum in Europe they are designed to decorate.

A little way behind the beautiful Pailow or arch stands the porcelain dragon screen. Very few people even in Peking seem to have heard of it. For, of course, till lately none were allowed to drive along the excellent carriage road by the lake, through the park-like grounds interspersed with rockeries. The screen is perhaps twenty feet high, and of porcelain throughout, and on it in high relief a row of dragons standing on their tails, and possibly five feet high, old gold, dull red, cream, dark blue, then over again, the two dark blue confronting each other in the centre. What was that screen meant to shelter from the world? Now behind it there is only a scene of frantic desolation of the most complete vandalism—trees hacked and broken, marble columns razed to the ground, images torn from their lotus seats, and cloven in two. Here a broken head lying in the grass, there a gilded hand, and behind a little to the right on an eminence a temple like that which crowns the hill at the Summer Palace. Covered with a thousand images of Buddha outside, all of imperial yellow brilliantly shining, it caused the spectator to sigh and think how exquisite must have been the other destroyed building since this required no protecting screen. 'I do not deplore its destruction at all,' says a German Sinologue; 'the Chinese must be humbled somehow. Best humble them through their palaces and temples.'

He said this as we stood within another imperial enclosure, all carefully walled round with a red wall surmounted by the usual imperial yellow tiling. A shining yellow roof among the dark tree foliage had attracted our party to enter. We anticipated wandering through an old-world garden, suggestive of repose and the Chinese ideal elegant leisure. We found a desolation, rack and ruin all around, only the roof intact because out of reach, every image torn away from its shrine, even in the representation of the Buddhist Hell, reaching halfway down the garden enclosure, only the snakes left at the top, thus indicating what had been underneath. It is impossible not to think the foreign soldiers took special delight in smashing and desecrating the Buddhist images, but too often one can see by the holes forced into them that it has been rather with the idea of getting hidden jewels from the gilded images than from any religious zeal. Yet so great has been the destruction of temples it is hard not to think there was something of the crusader's spirit too, although some people still maintain that the greatest vandalism,

the most wholesale destruction has been by the Chinese people themselves.

What can have become of the priests who used to live by all these temples? Not a priest did I see in all Peking excepting at the great Mongol Lamaserei. There they were all Mongols, but they said 'Om mani padme hum' like Tibetans, as they twirled their rosaries round and round, having, it seemed, no praying wheels to turn. There was a most beautiful tapestry—surely European—in one temple there, also several other beautiful and curious things, and a huge Buddha that, in a small confined temple, towered up through three stories. His dark red countenance at the top looked terribly cruel and vindictive, as one bent one's head backward to look up at it, and gave me at once a sensation I have been conscious of in some temples before, as if the place were full of evil spirits. One temple behind was full of impure images—a thing I never saw in China proper. Looking up here suddenly, too, I saw one of the Mongol priests regarding me with an expression of rage and hatred that was hardly so terrible as the smile of almost infantine sweetness into which it at once changed on meeting my glance. For these priests know they must dissimulate just now, whatever they feel within. When we were last in Peking it was not considered safe for a lady to enter this Lamaserei. Hardly did men dare to do so.

Tourists generally are all raving about the Summer Palace, and it is quite a place to spend a happy day in, if it were but for the pure air by the lake side among the hills. For Peking dust grows bitterer and bitterer as one swallows more of it, till throat and eyes alike feel as if they could not hold out much longer. But the Summer Palace is not ancient, and I saw no masterpieces there, except the bronze ox, a bronze pavilion, and the marble bridges. There is no austere grandeur of approach. It is a sort of glorified Rosherville. In the English officers' quarters—till the other day the Empress's reception room—there is a cloisonné screen probably the grandest and tallest in the world, and some specimens of Tse Hsi's very masterly and artistic handwriting, as also one writing of the Emperor's—in very schoolboy hand this, but it may have been written in his early days.

The destroyer has revelled through the pleasant places which the Dowager Empress had lately somewhat poorly restored, the contractor having probably cheated her. Plate-glass windows have been smashed, bits nipped off wood carvings, tiles

pushed out, and curios taken. On the top of the hill is a Thousand-Buddha Temple, that must have been lovely. Inside are flower arabesques, that evidently Italian priests must have taught Chinese to design and colour. But the marble has been tested by fire, the Buddha's heads knocked off, the arabesques discoloured. The amount of labour that has been expended in destruction in Peking is really infinite. And over the other side of the hill nothing has been restored since the English and French sacked the Summer Palace together in 1859, and thought they were teaching the Chinese a lesson as to their superior strength. But the Chinese did not learn it; they only were additionally convinced, if that were possible, that all other nations outside their own were rough savages. They will think so more than ever now, if half the tales one hears are true. It does not do to think of many of them.

Despite these the Pehtang, however, seems only like holy ground. The band of defenders was so small, thirty French, ten Italian officers and marines, besides the Bishop, ten Lazarist Fathers, and twenty Sisters of St. Vincent, with their hundreds of children and thousands of converts, who, as far as they could, gathered there from all parts of the city, and from outside the city as well. Their privations, too, were far the greatest.

But in the British Legation the air is consecrated with memories, too. And to be shelled from your own garden wall! To live through eight weeks of a Chinese summer, bathless, with barely a change of clothing, on food that disagreed with nearly every one, some less, certainly, but most more! Then can one realise it! All on a sudden the thought that you are *saved*, and that you must now shift for yourself, provide for your wife and family and children, and that without a pan, a plate, a chair, a bed, a towel, without money to buy any of these things—without any one to sell to you if you had money. And first of all, to be without a roof under the August sun of China, virtually a houseless beggar, with some hundreds of Chinese, too, depending upon you! What would you have done? People in Peking adopted many expedients according to the advice of their respective ministers. Some people helped themselves to rice, calling aloud, solemnly offering payment if any owner would come forward to accept it. Echo only answered. And the various ruined, outraged foreigners, all with shattered nerves, some ill, some mourning those they loved best, none knowing what would happen next, settled down for the

nonce as best they could in the different empty houses assigned to them, houses, as far as could be arranged, belonging to relations of the usurping Empress, who had fled and abandoned the capital she had brought to such dire disaster.

Thus homely English people and Americans from the Far West camped in palace pavilions, eating off Kang-hi plates, yet missing their spoons and bedsteads and baths and tables, those many comforts that we Philistines have learnt to think more necessary than any æsthetic beauty. And the world set to work to criticise and scoff. 'See how these Christians loot!' whilst they, poor people, were counting up the empty places in their band, mourning their martyrs and their ruined churches. 'It took me years to get the money to build it, and so many years to plan it all and get it built. I watched over every stone myself,' said one good man, then paused and pointed to his well. 'Yes! It is choked. I had to have it sanded up first thing. There were eight of our people thrown down it, and the smell was too dreadful when I first came here. When we dare, I hope to uncover it, and get the bones out and give them Christian burial. There are four more dead about the premises. They were sliced to death, some of them, by those big fixed shears the Chinese use. They just put the bodies between and —. It is a little hard to meet with no sympathy now. People seem only to fear for the Boxers, lest they may perhaps be too cruelly used. I am taking care of the beautiful furniture in my house—it none of it belongs to me—to hand it over in good condition, I suppose, to the Boxer chief to whom it belonged, whenever he dares to reappear. So far he is in hiding.'

When I think of Peking now, I still think first of the awful ruts in the roads and the blinding, choking dust in those parts of the city where ordinary people live; but each day that impression is weakening and my mind is beginning to rest more and more on the fairy-tale-like kaleidoscope of colour—yellow, green, dark blue, and yet more beautiful azure tiles and bricks in the enchanting regions reserved by the imperial family for themselves. But then I see the ramps up to the great walls, one held by Chinese, one by Americans, and the barricades upon the walls, and the tower the Chinese built from which to fire down upon the Americans. I see the whole mixed crowd of legations and missionaries, bankers and foreign Chinese Customs, all driven to take refuge within the beautiful British Legation and the Hanlin

College behind, burnt by the Chinese themselves, so that there is not one brick left standing upon another in that proud centre of China's aristocracy of learning. I see the ruined façade of the Pehtang and the soldiers of many nations looking up at it, and the brimming eyes of the sisters. I see the names of the martyrs of their band stuck up in each missionary chapel in gold characters upon a purple ground, and the band of school-girls day by day lingering to stand before it dry-eyed and silent, yet staring with a strange intentness, each girl reading the name of father or mother, or perhaps of both. I see the well choked with horribly murdered Christian Chinese. I see the ruins, the gaunt, miserable street after street of ruins, ruined churches, ruined legations, ruined houses, schools, hospitals, banks, customs buildings. I recollect the glances of hatred—deep, dark, unmitigated hatred—I have intercepted. And then there is one more memory.

The Peking station, all dust and rickshas, standing as it does in the wide sandy roadway between the Temple of Heaven and the Hall of Agriculture—every one looking for seats in the train, and watching over luggage, for stealing is contagious and people, having once begun, do not know how to stop. And then a little tramp, tramp, and the soft sweet strains of a military band, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee!' and there under the Stars and Stripes something heavy six soldiers are laying on a luggage van. Yesterday evening my friends heard the outcry for a doctor at the camp. A man had fallen from his horse, they were told, but attached no importance to it at the time. Perhaps he had longed to go home to the States. This morning early his body is going home. There are Japs, and cock-tailed Bersaglieri and the other soldiers of many nations all pressing forward to watch the one who is going home. That is the way he is going home after all. Poor soldiers! They suffer and they toil, many of them more heroes at heart than we can quite realise, and that is the end of it all in this world! And now again what is this at the Tientsin station? A clanking of chains! Men shackled together, and shouting shamelessly to cover their shame: 'Look at the pride of the American army!' They have been caught red-handed plundering, and are being sent home, too, after another fashion. Ah me! Better dead! Better dead!

But the Americans are determined to repress looting. They alone policed their quarter in Peking. Yet each nation, after its fashion, is trying to keep its men in order. And is it nothing that

during nine days in Peking and two in Tientsin, and out of doors from morning to night, I never saw a man the worse for drink, never met anything but the most respectful and kind courtesy from the soldiery of eight nations, nor even saw one man ill-treating the vanquished Chinese?

Now we are passing into the hands of the English army, where officers of the Royal Engineers are station masters, whilst Australian blue-jackets collect the tickets; and the visit to Peking has come to an end, adding so much to the mind's store of thought, leaving, alas! so many matters still open questions. But whatever may have been the horrors of the past, I cannot refrain from marvelling how it has been accomplished that so much order and decency has been established as already has been; cannot help feeling a higher respect for them, that it should be possible for the men of so many nations in such close juxtaposition, harassed by such a worrying dust, to observe such mutual forbearance as seems at all events now to animate them. Nor must it be forgotten that the Chinese themselves say that the ravages of the Examination Halls, as also of the Tribunal of Punishments, were perpetrated by poor Chinese of the neighbourhood, not by foreign soldiery, and that the worst vandalism and bloodshed was undoubtedly committed by the Boxers, not by the foreign troops.

Thus with mingled shame at deeds ill done, pride in acts of heroism, and thankfulness for the holy devotion of the martyrs, yet with an agonising pity for those massacred, especially the little children, the many innocent, trustful, unconscious little children—'My papa will not let you hurt me,' said one little boy, as the Boxers advanced against him with their big knives—we come away, with a medley mass of bits of broken tile from the Summer Palace, bows and poisoned arrows from the Forbidden City, dried violets from the Temple of Heaven, and all the many memories these various trifles serve to recall.

'And if the Emperor does not come back, what use Peking then to the foreign man?' asks my Chinese servant. 'That's what my wantchee savee, what use Peking if the Emperor no come back? No use at all!' he adds in exultant derision. O wise Chinese people! Through the centuries you have never loved to fight, have been conquered again and again, but always risen irrepressible!

FAMILY BUDGETS.

V. TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

BY LADY AGNEW.

THE most ordinary way of possessing an income of 10,000*l.* a year is to derive it mainly from land to be taxed and rated on it, and to have about 4,000*l.* or 5,000*l.* to spend.

This is the case of the man who inherits a large property, but, as this man is in no way the master of his own income, and as his receipts and expenses generally diverge in opposite directions—his income gradually diminishing as the demands on it increase—I have not chosen his budget to discuss, for the obvious reason that it is entirely shaped for him by circumstances.

As the subject of this article is to be 10,000*l.* a year to spend, and, as it would be impossible to enter into individual vagaries, I have chosen for an exemplary budget the expenditure of an ordinary well-favoured couple, who have been left 10,000*l.* a year, with a solid capital behind and no inherited burdens.

It seems, at first sight, an easy enough task to draw up a budget for these lucky mortals; the mere fact of having a budget imagines them to be a well-brought-up couple, with no particular ambitions and no particular vices. Possessed of an income unsuited to extremes, too large to encourage genius, too small for anything but moderate aspirations, they are neither very rich nor very poor, but they have an excellent sufficient income, on which to be very comfortable, and with which the danger is, they will be nothing else.

The difficulty is to allot the money with such discretion that the *summum bonum* of wealth—'spare cash'—is attained; for riches without spare cash are an empty name, and life without spare cash is certainly hopelessly dull.

What is wanted is to gain the full satisfaction for your money, to hold up your head and enjoy life, you who have been born unfettered by fluctuating rent-rolls and inherited debts. And the only way I can see for you to reap the full advantage of your prosperity is to make a firm resolve that you will have a margin; that, withstanding all temptation, you will keep that margin. Half the world is sighing for what you will possess. Is not that

in itself an inducement sufficient to outweigh all others? For, without a margin, the man with 50,000*l.* a year is as poor as the man with 800*l.* He has never a penny to put his hand on in an emergency, and he is living up to the hilt of his income, in a network of expenses from which he finds it difficult to extricate himself. We all know that nothing is so hard as to change our way of living and curtail expenses; it is a most disagreeable thing to do. And the man without a margin has it hanging like a sword over his head that, if adverse circumstances besiege him, he must cut down one thing or knock off another which has become part of his very existence. His margin should be his guardian angel, and stand between him and the 'cussedness of existence.' The years that Fate deals kindly with him he can devote it to buying some work of art, or making some long-wished-for addition to his house, to having a box at the Opera; in fact, there are a thousand and one ways in which his margin will open the door to constant variety and interest.

Half the minor troubles of domestic life are swept away with a margin. Your wife announces that her whole happiness depends on her giving a concert. It will cost a 'mere nothing.' Of course, with Hollmann, Melba, and a few others to perform! You acquiesce, with a charming smile, slightly satirical. The bills are between four and five hundred pounds. It is a great success! Emily adores you—for a short time; says you have been *too* nice about it all! Is it merit on your part? Not a bit of it. It's the margin!

You have a fit of the 'blues'—after the concert, probably; the world is a miserable place; every one hates you; you hate every one; never wish to see a soul again. The only cure is flight: without Emily this time. You pack your trunk. In twenty-four hours you bask in a land of flowers and sunshine—wherever that may be. The best of everything money can give you is yours. You return in a fortnight to find the world a very decent place after all, and your friends the best of people. This time your margin has stepped between you and melancholia.

Having demonstrated the great importance of having a margin, it follows that all the items of your expenditure should be fixed with a view to keeping it. First and foremost—don't overhouse yourself. Don't go and see an enchanting house in Grosvenor Square, and think, because you can pay the rent, that you can afford to live in it. Where would your margin be if you did?

Don't go and buy a large landed estate in the country because it is going cheap, and fondly imagine that you are going to live there and keep your margin. The moment you lose sight of this margin you will be a poor man.

In apportioning an income which allows for as much variety of existence as this, it is only possible to draw on the imagination, and suppose that a London house will be wanted. As regards the size of your house, it will be practically decided for you by the size of your income, for with 10,000*l.* a year you will neither be able to take a very large house nor, on the other hand, can you take a very small one, as, unless you have an unusually strong individuality, you cannot elect to live with three maids in a small house in Kensington Square when you are known to have 10,000*l.* a year. Yet what an idyllic existence does that small house and three maids present! What freedom, liberty, and independence! Need I say this is not the point of view of the inhabitants of the small house, but the point of view of the man with 10,000*l.*? Should you be a genius, it will be no one's affair but your own how you live and how you spend your money; but if you are *not* a genius, it is every one's affair. You are a fool if you live with your three maids; worse still, you are a screw, an idiot, a bungler—what you like. 'What do you *do* with your money? Good heavens, what a duffer the man is! If only I had the spending of it!' And so on.

In consequence of all this, and because you are only a stupid ordinary mortal, your course will be more or less shaped for you by circumstance and public opinion, and you will content yourself with the medium-sized 'mansion,' either in London or the country—or in both, according to taste. One of moderate size in an accessible part of London would represent from 450*l.* to 500*l.* a year, its rates and taxes about 150*l.*, and its up-keep, painting, and repairs, an average of 200*l.* a year. That would mean repainting some part of it every year, which is necessary if you wish your house to be cleaner than your neighbour's, which, I take it, is a worthy ambition. Or, if you like, you can reserve your 200*l.* a year for four years, and then re-paint and paper all over for 800*l.*; but I strongly recommend the yearly expenditure of 200*l.* This would be divided between decorative and structural repairs, which are required in one part or other of the house every year. A good London house of this sort of rental, and kept in good condition, can be easily let every season for 600*l.* or 700*l.* This is not a thing I should advise doing, unless for some reason

you wanted an extra sum of ready money. Your income should be sufficient to avoid any necessity of the kind. It is only pleasant to feel that you can turn over 600*l.* any year that you choose.

As far as the country part of your life is concerned, it is impossible to do more than generalise. One man will want to hunt, another to shoot; fishing will be the elixir of life to a third, politics the dry bread which nourishes a fourth. But, whatever his country pursuits or his intellectual interests, the man must content himself with about one-fifth of the income with which to satisfy them—that is, between 2,000*l.* and 2,500*l.* a year; this sum should provide him with a very fair amount of interest and variety in whatever lies his particular fancy. There would be two courses for him to pursue. One, to sink a certain portion of capital in buying a property; the other, to remain a free lance, and rent a forest or shooting every season, or by the year. If a man with an income of 10,000*l.* has sons, the probability is that he will wish to sink a portion of his capital in buying a property, with the truly British idea of making an 'eldest son.' Whether he is wise in thus parting with his substance is not my business. He is almost certain to do it, as all Englishmen love the possession of acres, and no man is thoroughly happy unless he can wade through his own turnip-fields and manage his own estate. It is natural enough. It does add a very great interest to existence. The only drawback is that it also adds almost unlimited calls and responsibilities, and, once you possess the land, and the people on the land are dependent on you, their claims will be incessant, and refusing them will be like refusing the cries of a hungry child.

With 70,000*l.* or 80,000*l.* you could buy a fairly good sporting estate, which, if chosen with care, should bring in a return of about three per cent., with which the property—house, garden, and shooting—would be kept up. Thus, the country house would represent between 2,000*l.* and 2,300*l.* out of the income, and for that the man would get sport and other interests, besides the joy of possession.

The other course to pursue would be to spend between 2,000*l.* and 2,300*l.* of the income on more varied interests—on renting a forest, or shooting, for about 1,500*l.* or 1,600*l.*, and spending the remainder of your money on a constituency, should you care for politics, or on any other hobby that smiles on you. Naturally, there is no comparison as to which is the freer of the two men. The latter keeps the upper hand of his own existence; he has his

London house, his deer forest, or his grouse moor, and money to spend besides on any intellectual or political ambitions. At any time he can alter his course. He can yacht, collect *bibelots* to a limited extent; in fact, he is free to get the most out of his money in whatever way he pleases, and, therefore, in all respects, he is the richer man of the two. He can give rein to his impulses in a way that the oppressed and respectable squire will never be able to indulge. But, on the other hand, great are the charms of respectability to the Britisher; and, though the woes of the poor landed proprietor, who has inherited an estate too large for his income, are ever before us, though we know him to be at the mercy of chance, though we watch him fighting an uneven battle with his tenants, in which he is invariably the loser, yet, so born and bred in the bone is this love of land, that the moment a man finds himself the happy possessor of a large income, his one ambition is, as a rule, to become a landed proprietor. Our countryside is studded with places belonging to self-made men, owners of large incomes, who have bought estates, and glory in joining the band of grumbling landlords. It shows that there is an indescribable charm in the 'intelligent' homage of the country yokel, even when it is paid for by unlimited subscriptions and perpetual additions to rose-covered cottages, no longer sufficiently modernised for our educated voters to live in!

Next in importance to the housing question is the house-keeping. As the size of your house was more or less decided by the size of your income, so the scale of your housekeeping will be practically decided by the size of your house. Given, we will say, a house on the south side of Eaton Square, with perhaps ten or twelve servants and a really good cook, I defy any woman, unless she attaches undue importance to economy (and even economy can be carried too far, to the detriment of all *joie de vivre*), to keep her books as low in proportion as in the small house in Kensington Square with three maids. There, it is easy; everything encourages economy. Economy is the spirit of the house, and the three maids pride themselves on saving the scraps, or, if you are exceptionally blessed, they might even be persuaded to help you eat them.

You give a dinner with a bowl of roses, a roast chicken, and an ice from Gunter, in a little white-panelled room. It is all charming, and costs the proverbial twopence-halfpenny. But this is not the case in the larger house, where spending is the spirit of the household. There, your dinner-party will be a very

different affair. The moderately good dinner, which is excusable in the small house with a limited household, is not admissible in a large house with plenty of servants, where the dinner must be perfectly cooked, the waiting must be perfect, and the flowers and et-ceteras must all be in keeping. Servants that are capable of thus shining at dinner-parties will not be the class of servants that help to keep the books very low in everyday life. The only practical way of contending with the difficulty is to fix a sum over which the books shall not go, and to leave the minute details alone. Suppose there are fifteen or sixteen people in the house, three in the kitchen, three men and a boy, two housemaids, a lady's maid, and either two nurses and babies, or a governess and child—four or five in the dining-room—two in family and two or three guests—a fair average for the books, if flowers and vegetables are provided by the country house, would be from 20*l.* to 22*l.* a week, to include servants' beer and washing, and all household washing, also the board of two servants, in whichever of your houses was empty. Some weeks it would be less, some more, according to whether there had been more coming and going than usual. Regular entertaining and amusements would count as extra, and, as this would mean shooting-parties in your country house and big dinners in London (the cost of a dinner of sixteen people is about 15*l.*, including wine), 350*l.* a year would be none too much to allow. I should say that it was more economical, and that a household would be run on better lines, with a housekeeper and a young cook, instead of a cook-housekeeper. People and things with combined uses are rarely, if ever, a success, and the woman who undertakes to cook you a tip-top dinner while she guides your household along the path of virtue generally lamentably fails in doing both successfully. A kitchenmaid who has been under a *chef* in a big house usually proves a very good cook, and some older and experienced servant, whom you can thoroughly trust to put at the head of your household, will keep both books and morals in good order. The idea so many women cherish, that they know what is going on downstairs, while they toast their toes on the drawing-room fender, or spend Saturday to Monday in the country, is one of those amiable delusions destined to meet with a rude awakening. You can't always be 'a-bawling and a-hollering downstairs,' is the way I heard a poor woman describe the iniquities of her daughter's mistress. Given a certain-sized house and a certain number of servants, you should have a responsible head below.

So much for the books and household management. The wages of about twelve or fourteen servants would average between 350*l.* and 400*l.*, and the upkeep of a London and country house in linen, muslins and chintzes, quilts, cushions, &c., and repair of wear and tear, would be close upon 200*l.* in the case of the man with a London and country house; in the case of the man who rents a shooting it would be rather less. A good plan is to reckon a round sum for housekeeping, to include the above items. As I have written them down, they come to about 1,800*l.* There would then be 200*l.* yearly for wine, 130*l.* for coal, 70*l.* for lighting, 130*l.* for the butler's book, which includes all telegrams, postage of letters and parcels, hampers, cabs, &c.; 70*l.* indoor liveries; 150*l.* stationery and little bills.

Set aside 150*l.* to cover the railway expenses of moving your household once yearly, and all small journeys for visits, &c.

Anything extra, like a trip abroad, you would afford yourself out of your margin; and if you go abroad for any length of time, and put your household on board wages, the difference from the average weekly expense at home will go a long way towards keeping you in hotels. 600*l.* yearly would provide the upkeep of a good working stable for London or country—two pairs of horses, and two ponies or hacks. Whether you prefer to spend a larger proportion of money on your stable would be a matter of choice.

Both the man and the woman would require 450*l.* for clothes, private expenses, and subscriptions; and then another bugbear rises, in the shape of education. For the sake of argument, suppose there to be three children, two boys and a girl. As babies, 200*l.* would easily cover their expenses; but hanging over you would be the training of their youthful minds. Having 10,000*l.* a year, you would not have the shadow of an excuse not to give them the best of everything. So, if you were a wise man, from the time their baby lips spread melodies, or the reverse, over the house you would lay by 300*l.* a year against the evil day when Eton claimed them for her own, and when they cost you nearly all their weight, and certainly all their worth, in gold. You would have accumulated in this manner, in the first ten years of their existence, 3,600*l.* towards carrying them through private and public school life. Another ten years' saving would be a small drop in the ocean towards starting them in the world. Thus you would have provided for twenty years of their existence without having to alter your own way of life. And after that I draw a veil, as it will simply be putting

your hand in your pocket at every turn; and as it's not likely to be done with a good grace, I prefer to leave the future of this part of your budget to chance and your own good feeling. Meanwhile the girl can be kept through those twenty years for rather over 100*l.* a year.

Public rates and taxes are the final twist of the torture screw, and they will grind out of you close upon 500*l.* This would be taking the income tax at 8*d.* or 9*d.* in the pound; anything over that, like the present 1*s.* 2*d.*, would be an 'adverse circumstance,' to be met by the margin—another proof of the desirability of having one.

The items in the yearly expenditure of the two men, the one who buys an estate and the one who rents a shooting, would differ very slightly. The main difference would be in how they lay out the 2,000*l.* or 2,300*l.* allotted to country and intellectual interests. I have therefore only written the details of one budget, represented by these figures:

BUDGET.	£
Country property expenses	2,200
London house, inclusive of rates and taxes, decorative and other repairs	800
House books, inclusive of beer and washing and household washing	1,200
Wages	400
Coal	130
Lighting	70
Liveries (indoor)	70
Butler's book, for all postage of letters, parcels, hampers, cabs, &c.	130
Stationery and small bills	150
Wine	200
Entertaining and amusements	350
Upkeep of two houses in linen, chintzes, general wear and tear, &c.	200
Dress and private expenses (450 <i>l.</i> each)	900
Education and children's clothes	500
Stables	600
Small journeys and visits	150
Illness	100
Taxes (income tax and others)	450
Charities	400
	<hr/> 9,000

This will leave you with a balance of 1,000*l.* for margin. The moral question of whether I have put the right proportion for charity will be decided by the vigour and quality of your conscience. *A quoi sert la conscience? Elle sert après, à donner le remords.*

SMELFUNGUS GOES SOUTH¹

It is rather a singular fact that each of the four great prose masters of the third quarter of the eighteenth century produced a personal record of travel. Fielding came first in 1754 with his charming 'Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon;' Smollett, who was always second, came next with his 'Travels through France and Italy;' two years later, in 1768, came Sterne's famous 'Sentimental Journey;' while last of the four, in the last year of the quarter-century, Johnson gave to the world his 'Journey to the Hebrides.' Each work enjoyed a fair amount of popularity at the time of its appearance. Fielding's 'Journal' had, perhaps, the least immediate success; Sterne's 'Journey' undoubtedly had the most. The occupant of Shandy Hall, as was customary in the heyday of 'Anglomanie,' went to Paris to ratify his successes, and the triumph his book had there by a reflex action secured the vote of London. Posterity has fully sanctioned the 'judicium Paridis.' The *succès de scandale* which its worst foes admitted is to-day but a small element of the consensus that for genuine literary distinction the 'Sentimental Journey' has very rarely been surpassed. A fine literary aroma is not the predominant characteristic of the Great Cham's 'Journey,' but, in spite of the malignity of the 'Ossianite' press, it fully justified the assumption of the booksellers that it would prove a 'sound' book. It is full of sensible observations and is written in Johnson's scholarly, balanced, and most dignified style. Few can read it without a sense of being fully repaid, if only by the portentous sentence in which the author celebrates his arrival at the shores of Loch Ness, where he reposes upon 'a bank such as a writer of romance might have delighted to feign,' and reflects that a 'uniformity of barrenness can afford very little amusement to the traveller; that it is easy to sit at home and conceive rocks and heath and waterfalls; and that these journeys are useless labours which neither impregnate the imagination nor enlarge the understanding.' Fielding's contribution to geography has far less solidity and importance, but it has to many an unfeigned charm that is not to be found in the pages either of Sterne or Johnson. A thoughtless fragment suffices to show him in his true colours as one of the

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most delightful fellows in our literature, and to convey just unmistakably to all good men and true the rare and priceless sense of human fellowship.

There remain the 'Travels through France and Italy,' by T. Smollett, M.D. These may not have the monumental merit of Johnson, or the intimate fascination of Fielding, or the essential literary flavour which so strongly pervades the workmanship—the subtle phrases and the exquisite vignettes—of Sterne. Yet they are as a whole the truest, the best informed, and the most trenchant of the series, while as travels they undoubtedly surpass the remainder in documentary value. All the four books are the production, as may be seen at a glance, of practised literary hands, three of them by writers of all work, as the term goes. The fear of exaggeration may seem to be limiting us at the outset to the proposition that Smollett's 'Travels' are well written and instructive. More original qualities than these must be found in any book that is to remain afloat amid the shoals of time, but before endeavouring to discover what these are it is fairly safe to claim for Smollett a measure of native sturdiness and humour of which neither Johnson nor Sterne need have been ashamed. The approximation of Smollett to Fielding (who is indeed unapproachable) lies rather in the excess of medical details with which both their journals are burdened. Smollett discusses the matter of his 'imposthume' with a luxuriance of detail, for which, in the expressive words of Octave Feuillet, 'des singes en rougiraient.' In his garrulity, when describing his dropsical symptoms, Fielding might have given points to Aubrey, and he utterly surpasses the valetudinarians of old in respect of the fact that when he is not dilating upon his own ailments he is harrowing us with the most excruciating details of his wife's toothache. Before we leave our quartette of travellers it is curious to notice how plainly beneath the man of letters we can discern respectively the police magistrate, the moralist, the parson, and the surgeon. There is often an antagonism between the views of one's clergyman and physician, and in this case the divine gave a mighty nasty fall to the doctor. Meeting Smollett at Turin in March 1765, Sterne wrote of him three years later in the 'Sentimental Journey':—

The learned Smelfungus travelled from Boulogne to Paris, from Paris to Rome, and so on, but he set out with the spleen and jaundice, and every object he passed by was discoloured or distorted. He wrote an account of them, but 'twas nothing but the account of his miserable feelings.

I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the Pantheon [and then Sterne describes how he abused the Pantheon and, *monstrum horrendum!* had slighted the *Vénus de Médicis*]. . . .

I popp'd upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his return home; and a sad tale of sorrowful adventures had he to tell, 'wherein he spoke of moving accidents by flood and field, and of the cannibals which each other eat, the Anthropophagi;' he had been flay'd alive, and bedevil'd, and used worse than St. Bartholomew, at every stage he had come at. 'I'll tell it,' cried Smelfungus, 'to the world.' 'You had better tell it,' said I, 'to your physician.'

This passage of Sterne's is well worth detaching. It is an astonishingly clever piece of writing, whether we consider it merely as an example of the perfected Sternean vignette or as one of the most brilliantly successful morsels of literary depreciation that are anywhere to be found. The 'Sentimental Journey' was written by Sterne as a sort of satirical contrast to Smollett's book, so that but for the 'Travels through France and Italy' we might never have had a 'Sentimental Journey' at all. This of itself is enough to justify Smelfungus in going south and retailing to us his grievances. But it is a deplorable thing to see two excellent bits of literary workmanship pitted against each other *à outrance*. It simply plays into the hands of the average 'general reader,' always glad of an excuse to consign one good old sterling book or another to the limbo of forgetfulness.

Thus it is that from this attack of Sterne's, and from the borrowed contempt of Horace Walpole and his little coterie of dilettanti, Smollett's book has never fully recovered, and it may possibly be many years yet before it comes by its own. 'Splenetic and prejudiced, this work has long been forgotten,' is the summary sentence of the 'Penny Encyclopedia' in 1842,¹ and even the sympathetic James Hannay damns it with faint praise as the work of an invalid. The editors of recent collective editions have even gone to the length of excommunicating it. Such a sentence is wholly unjust. If all the admirers of 'Humphrey Clinker' would but bestir themselves and look into the matter, I feel sure that it would speedily be reversed.

In criticising certain peculiarities of Smollett's 'Travels,' such as the author's tendency to relapse into therapeutics, his fondness for discussing the more abstruse problems of hygiene, and his personal dogmatism in matters of taste, it must always be remembered that the book was originally written in the form of

¹ 'Quel était ce Tobie Smollett?' asked a well-known man of letters in France, in 1864, *à propos* of the famous Smollett prophecy.

letters. This was not, as in the case of 'Humphrey Clinker,' a mere literary form. The letters were actually written (at the places and dates prefixed to each epistle) and sent to personal friends for their private edification and amusement. We do not precisely know who all these correspondents of Smollett's were, but most of his epistles were evidently written to his well-known friends in the medical profession, such as Drs. Armstrong, Macaulay, William Hunter, and John Moore, the author years later of 'Zeluco.' One or two were written to ladies, and others to 'Dr. S.' at Nice. In Letter VIII. he says distinctly, 'I consider all the letters I have hitherto written on the subject of my travels as written to your society in general, though they have been addressed to one individual of it, and if they contain anything that can either amuse or inform I desire that henceforth all I send may be freely perused by all the members.' In these circumstances it was perfectly natural that he should say a good deal about the state of his health (more particularly to his medical acquaintance), and that he should grumble freely on paper whenever anything displeased him. On his return to England there is little doubt that he hastily collected the letters from his correspondents, and, in order to save time, sent them with scarcely an alteration to press. It is likely enough that he had intended carefully to scrutinise, to revise, and to prune his epistles; but amid the overwhelming labours by which, while in an enfeebled state of health, he found himself oppressed from the moment of setting foot again in Chelsea such a project may well have been abandoned.

His letters would have been very unsatisfying to his friends had he not referred frequently and at length to his spirits and to his health, the restoration of which was the primary object of his journey and his two years' sojourn in the south. Toulouse (whither the Sternes went a few years later) and Montpellier were well-known and highly accredited places of resort for English *poitrinaires*, and the physicians there were held in the same superstitious veneration as those who reign supreme in the fashionable spas and thermal establishments of Western Europe at the present day. Smollett left England, as will readily be remembered, in an extremely depressed state. The death, when on the verge of womanhood, of his 'little Bess,' his only daughter Elizabeth, upon whom he had concentrated the deep and passionate love of his rugged nature, had broken him to such an extent that

he was never the same man again. 'The Briton,' a paper which he had started in May 1762 in the ministerial interest, had been thrown overboard by Bute on the ground that it did more to invite attack than to repel it. It had indeed invited the very formidable attack of John Wilkes and his famous 'North Briton.' The hostility of Wilkes brought with it the coarse personal attacks of Churchill and those of an even coarser tail of lampooners, if such can by any means be imagined. Smollett was convinced that in his own individual case the malignity of politicians was entering upon an entirely new phase. 'Traduced by malice, persecuted by faction, abandoned by false patrons, overwhelmed by the sense of a domestic calamity which it was not in the power of fortune to repair,' he shook the dust of England from his feet with 'eagerness' and alacrity. In June 1763, accompanied by his wife and two ladies to whom he acted as guardian, he travelled leisurely by way of Boulogne and Paris to Montpellier and Nice.¹ The idea of going to Nice as a health resort was more or less of a novelty. The suggestion was due to General Paterson, a Scotsman in the naval service of his Sardinian Majesty, whom Smollett met at Boulogne. 'The General talks so favourably of the climate of Nice, with respect to disorders of the breast, that I am now determined to go thither.' As J. A. Symonds first directed the footsteps of his fellow countrymen into the valley of the Engadine, so it may fairly be said that Smollett was the pioneer of the Promenade des Anglais. While at Nice during 1764 he made a voyage in a gondola to Genoa, and thence visited Pisa, Florence, and Rome, returning to Nice by way of Turin, and thence by the Col di Tenda. In the summer of 1765 he retraced his steps to England. The 'Travels' were sent to press in December, and were published by R. Baldwin, of Paternoster Row, in 'two volumes, price ten shillings,' in April 1766. The first edition was probably a large one (though copies are now far from common), and a reissue was not called for in London until 1778. But 'the Doctor' had no reason to complain of the reception accorded to his experiences. The magazines were full of extracts, as was their wont, of 'useful and entertaining particulars,' and the pirate publishers of Dublin in a generous enthusiasm presented the public with an exceedingly neat and handy

¹ The reader of 1901 will certainly be amused by the reasons that prompted the Doctor in 1764 to leave the gay and costly Montpellier for 'quiet' and 'inexpensive' Nice.

little edition at less than half the original price. The 'Monthly' and the 'Critical' are for once to be found in agreement, and that in praise of a man who had made a host of literary enemies.

Their praise was in no respect ill deserved, for there could be few men better qualified by nature than was Dr. Smollett for the production of an entertaining book of travel. Of the travel books of the present century that are best worth a second perusal the majority will be found to be those (such as the well-known works of Darwin, Wallace, Bates, Belt, and Nansen) which contain a strong infusion of science. Its presence is a sort of guarantee of the author's power of thorough and systematic observation, without which a book of travel is like a ship without a compass. Now Smollett was an observer with a good fund of such scientific knowledge as was attainable in his day, and to this were added in his case an exceptional acquaintance with the common things of everyday life and a still more exceptional store of out-of-the-way information. At Edinburgh he had studied medicine under Monro and John Gordon, in company with such able men as William Hunter, Cullen, Pitcairn, Smellie, and Armstrong. As a naval surgeon at Carthage he had gained experience such as few literary men can claim, and subsequently as compiler, reviewer, party journalist, historian, translator, statistician, and lexicographer he had gained an amount of miscellaneous information such as falls to the lot of very few minds of his order of intelligence. For Smollett was endowed, together with his imaginative gift, with a most retentive memory, and, for a rapid observer, with a quite unusual degree of accuracy. One may venture to say without danger of exaggeration that Smollett's testimonials as to his habitual accuracy of statement have seldom been exceeded. Despite the Doctor's unflattering portraits of Frenchmen M. Babeau admits that his book is one written by *an observer of facts*, and a man whose statements, whenever they can be tested, are for the most part singularly exact. Mr. W. J. Prouse, whose knowledge of the Riviera district is perhaps almost unequalled out of France, makes this very remarkable statement: 'After reading all that has been written by very clever people about Nice in modern times, one would probably find that for exact precision of statement Smollett was still the most trustworthy guide'—a view which is strikingly borne out by Mr. E. Schuyler, who further points out Smollett's shrewd foresight in regard to the possibilities of the Cornice road, and of Cannes and

St. Remo as sanatoria. 'Frankly there is nothing to be seen which he does not recognise.'

The value which Smollett put upon accuracy in the smallest matters of detail is evinced in a very remarkable manner in the corrections which he made in the margin of a copy of the 1766 edition of the 'Travels,' which is now exhibited in a show case at the British Museum. The corrections, which are all in Smollett's own and unmistakable neat handwriting, may be divided into four categories. In the first place come a number of verbal emendations. Phrases are turned, inverted, and improved by the skilful 'twist of the pen,' which becomes a second nature to the trained corrector of proofs; there are moreover a few topographical corrigenda, suggested by an improved knowledge of the localities, mostly in the neighbourhood of Pisa and Leghorn, where there is no doubt that these corrections were made upon the occasion of Smollett's second visit to Italy in 1770.¹ In the second place come a number of English renderings of the citations from Latin, French, and Italian authors. Most of those from the Latin are examples of Smollett's own skill in English verse-making. Thirdly come one or two significant admissions of overboldness in matters of criticism, as where he retracts his censure of Raphael's 'Parnassus' in Letter XXXIII. Fourthly, and these are of the greatest importance, come some very interesting additional notes upon the buildings of Pisa, upon Sir John Hawkwood's tomb at Florence, and upon the congenial though recondite subject of antique Roman hygiene.

The special defects by which Smollett's 'Travels' are not altogether unjustly held to be marred are mainly two. Both are unmistakably echoes of the charges we have seen preferred by Sterne in the 'Sentimental Journey.' The author, it is said, is perpetually reiterating complaints as to the accommodation that he meets with upon the road. And, secondly, he is (with far less

¹ Some not unimportant errata were overlooked. Thus Smollett's representation of the 'droit d'aubaine' as a monstrous and intolerable grievance is, of course, an exaggeration. On his homeward journey he indicates that he travelled from Beaune to Chalon, and so by way of Auxerre to Dijon. The right order is Chalon, Beaune, Dijon, Auxerre.

As further examples of the zeal with which Smollett regarded exactitude in the record of facts we have his elaborate diurnal register of weather during his stay at Nice, and the picture of him scrupulously measuring the ruins at Cimiez with packthread. The emendations mentioned above are to be embodied for the first time in the edition of Smollett now in course of publication by Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co.

reason) accused of insensibility to the fine arts, in connection with which his views are denounced as those of a rude and uncultivated barbarian.

If we can judge at all by his written expressions, it must be admitted that his language, when ruffled by incidents upon the road, often exceeded the limits of mere testiness. If he had visited the church of Stratford-upon-Avon and encountered upon the threshold a young man in monkish garb demanding for 'Admission, Sixpence,' his wrath would assuredly have exploded in language far removed from the urbanity of Mr. Urbanus Sylvan. In the Latin diagnosis of his case the Doctor spoke of his 'systema maxime irritabile.' This 'systema' involved his quarrelling with nearly every innkeeper and postillion upon the road. There were few places where he had not some occasion to growl. Sometimes he quarrelled with the wrong man. In Italy, where knives were worn, he was so abusive that Thicknesse and others have expressed a justifiable amazement that he ever got home alive. After such altercations as his choleric temper provoked it was only natural that he should dip his pen in gall. If he is overcharged he does not attempt to conceal his emotions. He abuses the man roundly, threatens to cane him, and writes him down in his book as a rapacious rogue, if not an execrable villain. The place that he arrives at is too often the victim of the humours engendered *en route*.

Having been cheated by the boatmen of Dover he sets to and depicts Boulogne with a brutal frankness that Hogarth might have illustrated but could not surpass even in Calais Gate. He did not secrete poison, like Carlyle, but that is about all that can be said in palliation of such a temper. He had a copious vocabulary, but the pith of his remarks may too often be likened to that of the petty officer's inscription in his journal, 'Manners of inhabitants, none; customs, very beastly.'¹ It would be unfair, however, to attribute his complaining temper to a petty national prejudice. Before he left English soil he found occasion to refer with approbation to the common saying that 'Dover is a den of thieves,' and on the road thither he says comprehensively that the inns are cold and comfortless, the beds paltry (a favourite

¹ A good example may be found in his clever delineation of the Niçois. 'With respect to delicacy and decorum, you may peruse Dean Swift's description of the Yahoos, and then you will have some idea of the *sporcherie* that distinguishes the gallantry of Nice.'

epithet), the cooking execrable, the wine poison, the attendance bad, the publicans insolent, and the bills extortion. In France we have variations upon the theme, but the burden is very much the same. The results obtained there may be summarised after this fashion: inns cold, damp, dark, dismal, dirty; landlords equally disobliging and rapacious;¹ servants awkward, sluttish, and slothful; postillions lazy, lounging, greedy, and impertinent. His exasperation with this last class of attendants occasionally transcended mere words. He explains to us how upon one occasion at Florence he collared a postillion with one hand and shook his cane over his head with the other. Yet in a candid moment with regard to the treatment of this class of delinquent he was bound to avow the following dilemma: 'If you chide them for lingering they will contrive to delay you the longer. If you chastise them with sword, cane, cudgel, or horsewhip . . . they will find means to take vengeance by overturning your carriage.' The only course remaining would appear to be to tip them an amount slightly in excess of the authorised gratification. He admits that he once, between the Devizes and Bristol, found this device productive of the happiest results. It was certainly unfortunate that the lack of means combined with the growth of conscience should have debarred him from having recourse to this expedient upon the present occasion. He was labouring, indeed, under the disadvantage of travelling *en grand seigneur* and endeavouring to do it upon the cheap. He avoided the common conveyance, or diligence, and insisted upon travelling post and in a berline; but he could not bring himself to exceed the five-sou *pourboire* for the postillions. He would have meat upon *maigre* days, but objected to paying double for it. He held aloof from the 30-sou *table d'hôte* and would have been content to pay 3 francs a head for a dinner *à part*, but his worst passions were excited when he was asked to pay not three but four.

In explanation of his atrabilious moods Smollett had several extenuating circumstances to plead. He was ill and his liver was in a shocking condition. He had a certain style to keep up, but at the same time he had to keep within an extremely small

¹ He was completely nonplussed when he met an obliging and conciliatory landlord and attendants at Sestri di Levante, and could only attribute the singularity to 'the effects of a terrible storm, which had, two days before, tore up a great number of their olive-trees by the roots, and done such damage as terrified them into humility and submission.'

margin for incidental expenses. Moreover as regards specific points of complaint he is corroborated by not a few of the eighteenth-century travellers. Readers will remember Arthur Young's general conclusion in 1789 that inns, roads, carriages, and accommodation were *far superior* in France in the days of Henri IV, but that in the intervening centuries, 'thanks to liberty,' England had completely turned the tables upon her old neighbour. 'To those who have been used to travel,' he says again, 'amidst the energetic and rapid circulation of wealth, the animation and intelligence of England, it is not possible to describe in words adequate to one's feelings the dulness and stupidity of France.' This would have expressed Smollett's sentiments to the letter. It would have been impossible even for the Doctor to surpass in vigour Young's descriptions of some of the 'abominations' that he had to encounter, of 'the blackness, the dirt, and the ill-scents' of Clermont, or of the inn at St. Gironds—'presided over by a withered hag, the dæmon of beastliness—the most execrable receptacle of filth, vermin, impudence, and imposition . . . from which an English hog would turn with disgust.' There have been writers, says this delightfully human agriculturist, who 'look upon such observations as rising merely from the petulance of travellers, but it shows their extreme ignorance. Such circumstances are political data.' In his grumbling, after all, Smollett was indulging in an English prerogative common enough to this day, and indulged in with special persistence abroad or on shipboard, where conversation or incident proves scarce. The privilege of paterfamilias, the Englishman's safety-valve, had not been invented in those days, and before reproving Smollett's crudity or petulance we must remember that he had no opportunity of first communicating his 'political data' to the 'Times.'

The second charge against Smollett, that he was a gross Philistine, impervious to the beauties of the fine arts and to the unanimous verdict of connoisseurs, is a more insidious one, but it will be found to possess very little truth or justice to recommend it. If we are bent upon quarrelling with Smollett's Philistinism we must go for the best examples of it not to the 'Travels,' but to 'Humphrey Clinker,' in the same way that if we quarrel with his brutality or his coarseness we must denounce 'Roderick Random' and 'Peregrine Pickle.'

The chief offences against good taste that are here alleged by

Smollett's detractors are his qualified admiration of the *Vénus de Médicis* and of the Pantheon, and his confession that Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment' produced to his eye the same sort of confusion that perplexed his ear at a grand concert, consisting of a great variety of instruments. That Smollett does not always hit the mark in his criticisms may readily be admitted. His failures show how dangerous it is to be dogmatic in art criticism, the standards of which are so continually changing. With regard to the *Vénus de Médicis* his views would probably commend themselves to the best modern critics as displaying far greater insight than the spurious transports of most of his contemporaries. His views upon the Pantheon are less judicious, but apart from the portico of Agrippa (which Smollett admired) the building is admittedly one that few but architectural specialists can adequately appreciate or understand.¹ That Smollett could really appreciate Roman architecture is clearly shown by his enthusiasm over the *Maison Carrée* at Nîmes, and the *Pont du Garde*, beneath the shadow of which he pictures to himself the grandeur of ancient Rome, and the pleasure that might be derived from frequent picnics in full view of such an august monument. Many of Smollett's remarks about the statuary and the pictures in the Vatican are perfectly admirable. He was profoundly impressed by the 'Laocoon' and the 'Dying Gladiator,' upon which he makes some anatomical observations of interest.

You need not doubt but that I went to the Church of St. Peter in Montorio, to view the celebrated transfiguration, by Raphael, which, if it was mine, I would cut in two parts. The three figures in the air attract the eye so strongly that little or no attention is paid to those below on the mountain. I apprehend that the nature of the subject does not admit of that keeping and dependence which ought to be maintained in the disposition of the lights and shadows in a picture. The groups seem to be intirely independent of each other. The extraordinary merit of this piece, I imagine, consists not only in the expression of divinity on the face of Christ, but also in the surprising lightness of the figure that hovers like a beautiful exhalation in the air.

Smollett's remarks about the 'Last Judgment' will probably be re-echoed by a large proportion of the sightseers who gaze upon

¹ As against them may well be set his admirable remarks upon St. Peter's, the grandeur of the exterior, and the tawdriness of many of the internal decorations. In regard to the *Pont du Garde*, again, now justly regarded as the noblest bridge in the world, Smollett's remarks are well calculated to survive most of the art criticisms of 140 years' standing. Admirably preserved, and of an inconceivable symmetry, it 'presents the eye with a piece of architecture so unaffectedly elegant, so simple and majestic, that I defy the most phlegmatic and stupid spectator to behold it without admiration.'

it yearly. But his description of the 'Transfiguration' displays an amount of taste and judgment which is far from being so widely distributed. For purposes of reproduction at the present day we may remind the reader that the picture is ordinarily 'cut in two,' and the nether portion is commonly attributed to Raphael's pupils, while the 'beautiful exhalation,' as Smollett so felicitously terms it, is attributed exclusively to the master when at the zenith of his powers. His general verdict upon Michel Angelo and Raphael has much in it that appeals to a modern taste. Of Raphael as a whole he concludes that the master possesses the serenity of Virgil, but lacks the fire of Homer; and before leaving this same Letter XXXIII., in which Smollett ventures so many independent critical judgments, we are tempted to cite yet another example of his capacity for acute yet sympathetic appreciation.

In the Palazzo Altieri I admired a picture, by Carlo Maratti, representing a saint calling down lightning from heaven to destroy blasphemers. It was the figure of the saint I admired, merely as a portrait. The execution of the other parts was tame enough: perhaps they were purposely kept down, in order to preserve the importance of the principal figure. I imagine Salvator Rosa would have made a different disposition on the same subject—that amidst the darkness of a tempest he would have illuminated the blasphemer with the flash of lightning by which he was destroyed. This would have thrown a dismal gleam upon his countenance, distorted by the horror of his situation as well as by the effects of the fire, and rendered the whole scene dreadfully picturesque.

The attitude taken up by Smollett when inspecting acknowledged masterpieces was precisely that of Sir Walter Scott. When he could not appreciate the Correggiosity of a Correggio he did not hesitate for an instant to give candid utterance to the fact. But he was perfectly ready to admire anything that he could understand. He was anxious to learn and to examine the grounds upon which famous works of art were admired;¹ and he was by no means deficient in those first requisites of the art pupil, veneration and modesty. He disclaims all pretensions to the nice discernment and delicate sensibility of the connoisseur. He is afraid that his remarks are superficial, and he acknowledges that it must be want of taste that prevents his feeling that enthusiastic admiration that others have felt for the *Vénus de Médicis*.

¹ The guide book upon which he seems to have mainly depended was Keysler; but he was greatly repelled by its dulness and dryness, which confirmed him, he tells us, in the idea that the 'German genius lies rather in the back than in the brain.'

If I was silly enough to make a parade I might mention some hundreds more of marbles and pictures which I really saw at Rome, and even eke out that number with a huge list of those I did not see. But whatever vanity I may have it has not taken this turn; and I assure you, upon my word and honour, I have described nothing but what actually fell under my own observation . . . and that 'without ceremony or affectation.'

Diffident though he is as to his judgment, his criticism of objects of vertu is infinitely better than that of Horace Walpole as regards books. Nay, it is by no means certain that his art criticism (which has at least the merits of sincerity and independence) will not wear a good deal better than that of the superficial Horace. He was free from the great fault of connoisseurs—of criticising or rhapsodising about things he had barely glanced at, or had, at any rate, experienced no distinct feeling about.

Kinglake has an amusingly cynical passage as to the impossibility of approaching the sacred shrines of the Holy Land in a fittingly reverential mood. Exactly the same difficulty is experienced in approaching the sacred shrines of art. Enthusiasm about great æsthetic productions, though we may readily understand it to be justifiable, is by no means so easily communicable. How many people possessing a real claim to culture have felt themselves puzzled by their insensibility before some great masterpiece! Conditions may be easily imagined in which, in a great number of such cases, the inducement to affect an ecstasy which is not genuinely felt becomes so strong as to prove absolutely overpowering. Many years ago at Florence the loiterers in the Tribune were startled by the sudden rush into the place of a little man whose literary fame gave him high claims to intuitive taste. He placed himself with clasped hands before the chief attraction in that room of treasures. 'There,' he murmured, 'is the *Vénus de Médicis*, and *here* I must stay—for ever and for ever.' He had scarcely uttered these words, each more deeply and solemnly than the preceding, when an acquaintance entered, and the enthusiast, making a hasty inquiry if Lady So-and-so had arrived, left the room, not to return again that morning. Before the same statue another distinguished countryman used to pass an hour daily. His acquaintance respected his raptures and kept aloof; but a young lady, whose attention was attracted by sounds that did not seem expressive of admiration, ventured to approach, and found the poet sunk in profound, but not silent, slumber.

From such absurdities as these, or of those of the eminent actor who professed to lose his breath in the presence of the Apollo Belvedere, or of the enthusiast who went into raptures about the head of the Elgin *Ilissos*, we are happily spared in the pages of Smollett. In him a complete absence of gush is accompanied by an independent judgment, for which it may quite safely be claimed that good taste is in the ascendant in the vast majority of cases.

He was by no means insensible to the thrill of enthusiasm which every person who has even a tincture of learning must feel upon approaching one of the great historic sites of the earth's surface. Witness the passage, that is not without a certain Gibbonian grandeur, in which he describes his entry into the Eternal City.

We crossed the Tyber at the Ponte Molle, formerly called Pons *Milvius*, about two miles from the gate by which we entered. This bridge was built by *Aemilius Censor*, whose name it originally bore. It was the road by which so many heroes returned with conquest to their country, by which so many kings were led captive to Rome, and by which the ambassadors of so many kingdoms and States approached the seat of empire, to deprecate the wrath, to solicit the friendship, or sue for the protection of the Roman people.

He is certainly far less happily inspired when he goes on to make comparisons between the institutions of ancient and modern Europe. After taunting the Roman sailors with practising upon a lake he goes on to say :

Nothing can give a more contemptible idea of their naval power than this testimony of their historians, who declare that their seamen or mariners were formed by exercising small row-boats in an inclosed pool of fresh water. Had they not the sea within a few miles of them, and the river Tyber running through their capital? Even this would have been much more proper for exercising their watermen than a pond of still water, not much larger than a cold bath. I do believe in my conscience that half a dozen English frigates would have been able to defeat both the contending fleets at the famous battle of *Actium*, which has been so much celebrated in the annals of antiquity as an event that decided the fate of empire.

Elsewhere he speaks of the poor figure that a Roman legion would cut in competition with a modern regiment. Such observations, which appear to us to have less ballast than any in the book, are fortunately rare. It hardly needs a naval expert to form a conception as to how few modern battle-ships it would have required to blow the combined fleets of *Rodney* and *De Grasse* out of the water. Nor would the heroes of *Minden*, we should imagine, be able to accomplish much against a modern

battalion armed with the magazine rifle. But Smollett is not, as a rule, ungenerous; and if he had been living at this hour he would have been one of the last, we imagine, to admit that the torpedo and the dum-dum were the supreme tests of military prowess. Perhaps, as when he remarks, with a justifiable solicitude, upon the surprise that an old Roman would feel if he could see an English race upon the course at Newmarket, he was consciously writing down to the level of the magazine of the period.

Upon the whole he is singularly free from one-sided fanaticism and intolerance, although he had to put up with a good deal. At Foligno the innkeeper hesitated to put him into a room in which he explained that a wild beast (*una bestia*) had recently died, the apartment still awaiting purification. Imagining that he was addressing a German Catholic, he went on to explain that the wild beast was *un eretico Inglese*!

He was impatient of the amount of time wasted upon 'mummery,' and he gives a caustic account of the superstition in Boulogne and Nice, where any crime was condoned in preference to a non-payment for Masses. He gives a Swiftian description of the religious *festins* at Nice, and a sardonic sketch of a cavalier and an old woman rubbing their gums with an appearance of the most painful prevenience upon the statue of Moses in the church of S. Maria sopra Minerva. But he has a good word to say for many of the individual priests that he met, and we never hear a word of Sabbatarian bigotry. I am afraid that the Doctor would have made merry with Dr. Johnson's nice distinctions upon observance of the Sabbath, such as, 'People may walk on a Sunday, but not throw stones at birds.' A careful study of the letters, in fact, will serve to confirm the impression that Smollett was essentially a complete pagan. It is in Letter IV. that he makes the famous comparison of 'the Romish religion to comedy, and Calvinism to tragedy.'

The following is a typical Smollettian description of a religious procession in Florence :—

The virgins were followed by an irregular mob of penitents in sackcloth, with lighted tapers and monks carrying crucifixes, bawling and bellowing the litanies. But the great object was a figure of the Virgin Mary, as big as the life, standing within a gilt frame, dressed in a gold stuff, with a large hoop, a great quantity of false jewels, her face painted and patched, and her hair frizzled and curled in the very extremity of fashion. Very little regard had been paid to the image of our Saviour on the cross; but when his lady-mother appeared on the shoulders of three or four lusty friars, the whole populace fell upon their knees in the dirt.

Elsewhere he speaks of a crucifix as an emblem more suitable to a *bagne* than a church. 'What pity it is,' he says, 'that the labours of painting should have been so much employed on the shocking subjects of the martyrology . . . Peter writhing on the cross, Bartholomew flayed alive, Laurence frying upon the coals, like a barbecued pig!' His remarks upon a *Pietà*, in the same Letter (XXXI.), are considerably more unconventional. Richly sardonic and more noteworthy as literature is the following comment upon the cowardly retreat of the Austrians before Genoa:—

Perhaps it was the will of Heaven. You see how favourably Providence has interposed in behalf of the reigning Empress of Russia, first in removing her husband, secondly in ordaining the assassination of Prince Ivan, for which the perpetrators have been so liberally rewarded; it even seems determined to shorten the life of her own son, the only surviving rival from whom she had anything to fear.

The skill and vigour which marked the first volume of 'Fathom' show no diminution here.

Smollett's judgment of French characteristics is extremely clever and written in his most piquant vein, but it is nevertheless essentially superficial. He describes the typical Frenchman or *petit-maitre* (as he calls him) as addicted primarily to dress, gallantry, and gluttony.¹

If a Frenchman is admitted into your family and distinguished by repeated marks of your friendship and regard, the first return he makes for your civilities is to make love to your wife, if she is handsome; if not, to your sister or daughter, or your niece. If he suffers a repulse from your wife, or attempts in vain to debauch your sister or your daughter or your niece, he will, rather than not play the traitor with his gallantry, make his addresses to your grandmother. . . . If he meets with a repulse, he condemns the lady's taste, but never doubts his own qualifications.

If there were five hundred dishes at table, a Frenchman will eat of all of them, and then complain he has no appetite. This I have several times remarked. A friend of mine gained a considerable wager upon an experiment of this kind: the *petit-maitre* ate of fourteen different *plats*, besides the dessert, then disparaged the cook, declaring he was no better than a *marmiton*, or turnspit.

Smollett utterly fails to recognise the Frenchman's point of view in his contempt for the mere feeder. A Frenchman (he would admit it with pride), however straitened his means, is not content to eat; he aspires to dine. The preceding passage certainly reads like an exceedingly clever generalisation, based upon a study of the *fin de siècle* French novel. It is prefaced by

¹ This letter, No. VII., one is not surprised to find, was a favourite piece of plunder with the contemporary magazines.

an equally entertaining account of the Frenchman's foppery, vanity, and garrulity.

Extremely clever as it is, however, Smollett's view is purely impressionistic. Coming from a Calvinistic country, where a measure of Tartufism was a necessary outcome of the conditions of society, Smollett reproduces the common English error of ignoring how apt a Frenchman is to conceal a number of his very best qualities.

In endeavouring to reconcile Maupertuis and Voltaire Frederick the Great spoke of the debt that two Frenchmen owed each other. 'Two Frenchmen!' Voltaire broke out. 'Let me tell you, sir, that if two Frenchmen were to meet at the other end of the world, one would have to eat the other; it is the law of nature!' Smollett had an equally keen eye for his countrymen's foibles. 'When two natives of any other country chance to meet abroad, they run into each other's embrace like old friends, even though they have never heard of one another till that moment; whereas two Englishmen in the same situation maintain a mutual reserve and diffidence, and keep without the sphere of each other's attraction, like two bodies endowed with a repulsive power.'

A number of other passages might be cited as examples of Smollett's vigour of delineation, of his sardonic humour, and of the *vis comica* that is so conspicuous in his subsequent novel, 'Humphrey Clinker.' In genuine satirical power there is nothing in any of his novels to surpass his Swiftian description of the feminine coiffure of the period. For clear and trenchant descriptive power it would probably be extremely hard to surpass his account of the latter end of Mandrin, the celebrated highwayman; of the Niçois *festins*; of the Niçoise *noblesse* taking the air of an evening, 'stretched in pairs upon logs of wood, like so many seals upon the rocks by moonlight, each dame with her *cicisbeo*;' of the Italian improvisatori; of the flower and scent traffic in southern France; of the silkworm industry in the same neighbourhood; of the punishment of the strappado; or of the galleys at Marseilles and Nice. Among the slaves at the latter place Smollett was astonished to detect the same jollity which he ascribes to the convicts of Newgate. Among their numbers he found a Piedmontese count, which reminds us of Dumas's surprise at hearing a slave at the *bagne* addressed as 'Your Excellency.'¹

¹ For contemporary corroboration of Smollett upon the details of social life in Italy reference may be made to the little-known *Letters from Italy*, written by Samuel Sharp in 1766-7.

Smollett's theory about duelling, too, was excellent, though it is doubtful whether a man of his choleric temper would have had the self-restraint to carry it into practice. He unwarily admits that in 1749 he nearly had an affair with a Frenchman at Ghent, who affirmed that all the battles gained by the great Duke of Marlborough were purposely lost by the French generals, in order to bring Madame de Maintenon into disgrace. His pictures of a plough-team composed of a lean cow, a goat, and a jackass, and of the peasants in the south and their *bétail* as gaunt emblems of famine, are in striking anticipation of Arthur Young. His remarks upon the permanent effects of the *régime* of Louis XIV., and his shrewd forecast of the immediate political future in France, constitute the best corroboration that could be found of Smollett's responsibility for the famous and wonderful 'prediction' of the catastrophe in 1789.

As a testimony to Smollett's fairness, no less than to his satirical and descriptive vigour, we shall give as a concluding citation his portrait of the English connoisseur at Rome, a fitting pendant to his miniature of the French *petit-maitre* of Paris.

Our young gentlemen who go to Rome will do well to be upon their guard against a set of sharpers (some of them of our own country) who deal in pictures and antiques, and very often impose upon the uninformed stranger by selling him trash as the productions of the most celebrated artists. The English are more than any other foreigners exposed to this imposition. They are supposed to have more money to throw away, and therefore a greater number of snares are laid for them. This opinion of their superior wealth they take a pride in confirming, by launching out into all manner of unnecessary expense; but, what is still more dangerous, the moment they set foot in Italy they are seized with the ambition of becoming connoisseurs in painting, music, statuary, and architecture; and the adventurers of this country do not fail to flatter this weakness for their own advantage. I have seen in different parts of Italy a number of raw boys, whom Britain seemed to have poured forth on purpose to bring her national character into contempt: ignorant, petulant, rash, and profligate, without any knowledge or experience of their own, without any director to improve their understanding or superintend their conduct. One engages in play with an infamous gamester, and is stripped, perhaps, in the very first partie; another is . . . pillaged by an antiquated *cantatrice*; a third is bubbled by a knavish antiquarian, and a fourth is laid under contribution by a dealer in pictures. Some turn fiddlers and pretend to compose; but all of them talk familiarly of the arts, and return finished connoisseurs and coxcombs to their own country. The most remarkable phaenomenon of this kind which I have seen is a boy of seventy-two, now actually travelling through Italy, for improvement, under the auspices of another boy of twenty-two. When you arrive at Rome you receive cards from all your country-folks in that city: they expect to have the visit returned next day, when they give orders not to be at home; and you never speak to one another in the sequel. This is a refinement in hospitality and politeness which the English have invented by the strength of their own genius, without any assistance either from France, Italy, or Lapland,

Relieved as Smollett was to get away from Britain, it is satisfactory to find that after two years' absence he was glad enough to get back to his native land. 'I am attached to my country, because it is the land of liberty, cleanliness, and convenience; but I love it still more tenderly as the scene of all my interesting connections; as the habitation of my friends, for whose conversation, correspondence, and esteem I wish alone to live.'

The homeward journey, he foresees in Letter XXXVII., will be an extremely agreeable one, 'for it will restore me to the company of my friends and remove me from a place where I leave nothing but the air which I can possibly regret.' He arrived home in the summer of 1765, but the improvement in his health, as too often is said to be the case with Riviera cures, was not at all permanent. He had a severe relapse in the winter.

In 1770 he once more takes refuge abroad from over-work. While at Pisa he puts the finishing touches to a second and more famous series of traveller's letters—travels this time in England and Scotland, with a thread of story, and a portrait gallery of characters conceived in the richest vein of a still mellowing humour. Unfortunately, before he could hear the first murmurs of the great chorus of applause, Smollett was carried off at his villa near Leghorn on September 17, 1771. His literary power was still developing, and his genius would perhaps have emitted a still more brilliant sunset ray.

Smollett's best work shows three stages of development. In 'Roderick Random' and 'Peregrine Pickle' we have two works full of grotesque vigour, as pieces of literature trenchant, humorous, and strong, but marred by obtuseness in matters of taste and a coarseness that often degenerates into sheer brutality. 'Count Fathom,' though very unequal, first exhibits to advantage the romantic temperament of its author, while showing a much greater command over the emotions and a distinct development of sardonic power. In the 'Travels' and 'Humphrey Clinker,' which bear a close relationship in point of style the one to the other, whilst retaining all his old causticity of phrase, Smollett shows increased judgment and concentrative power together with the perfection of clear and idiomatic expression. To this were added in 'Humphrey Clinker' a revival of his pristine vigour of eccentric characterisation, and the manifestation of an even still ripening humour.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

A LONDONER'S LOG-BOOK.

VII.

As I write, the season is dying, and, before these pages of the log-book reach my reader's eye, it will be dead. Fashionable news trickles slowly to Stuccovia; and we have only just discovered that Society has stolen a march on us, and that, while we have been observing the Court mourning with Chinese exactness, Belgravia has been making merry as if nothing in particular had happened. We hear of 'tiny dances,' which are only distinguished from ordinary balls by the circumstance that the invitations are sent out on visiting-cards. The Helots of Park Lane have given concerts which cost a thousand pounds apiece; and the most authoritative dames in the peerage have assembled their brisk and modish crowds at Osterley and Syon. It was really too bad of 'Classy Cuttings' to put us on the wrong tack by announcing that the King would allow no gaieties this season; but, though Bertha is disappointed, Selina and I are secretly thankful. Ball-going is not much in our way, and ball-giving even less. Still, we felt that we ought to do our utmost to compensate the dear girl for her disappointments; and we have honestly striven to find fresh outlets for her social instinct. As a rule, the festivities of a Stuccovian July are bounded by Mrs. Soulsby's garden-party, where we eat ices from Whiteley's and listen to the brass band from the Amalgamated Cabdrivers' Orphan Asylum, while the lower orders of the parish rest their elbows on the railing of the Gardens and assail us with flying sarcasms. But this year Mrs. Soulsby, following the example of Lambeth and Fulham, and ignorant of what the Duchess of Northumberland and Lady Jersey intended, proclaimed in the Parish Magazine that her party would not take place; so we were driven further afield. The head of my family is a member of the M.C.C., and, as he happens to be fishing in Norway, he was generous enough to give us tickets for the Oxford and Cambridge match. We made up a little party from Stuccovia, and Bertha looked very nice in a white frock with a large bunch of cornflowers. Whether it was purely by accident that young Bumpstead turned up on the Saturday just as we sat down to

luncheon I will not venture to say ; but Selina gave me a meaning look, and I left the cold chicken and lobster salad to their fate. When play was resumed, I found myself sitting close to Mrs. Barrington-Bounderley, and, though I think her son an odious young snob, I could not help feeling some compassion for him, as his mother surveyed the ground through her *lorgnette*, and emitted a series of shrill comments to which a group of grinning undergraduates listened with palpable delight. The pavilion struck her fancy very much. 'What a capital house that must be to see the game from ! I see they let windows. Dear Randolph, don't you think you could run across and ask how much they charge ?' The umpires caught her eye. 'Who are those men in white smock frocks ? What are they for ? Oh ! I understand. I suppose one is a Cambridge man and the other an Oxonian. No ? They don't belong to either University ? Then they don't care which side wins, and that makes them quite impartial. What a capital plan !' The title of 'Captain,' printed after the name of S. H. Day, filled this intelligent woman with curiosity. 'I thought they were all students—why do they have one Army man ? I wonder if he is the Captain Day we met at Sandown. I wish I wasn't so shortsighted, for I should recognise him in a minute, and I should like to ask him to tea.' Throughout this soliloquy, young Bounderley looked exquisitely uncomfortable, but his agony reached its climax when his mother, after intently watching Marsham's second innings, exclaimed with the air of one who suddenly lights on an illuminating discovery : 'I tell you what it is. This man means to go on all the evening unless he is stopped. Why don't they take him off and put on another ?'

But the match was only one among many gaieties which Selina, impelled by sisterly affection, provided for Bertha.

The heat of summer suggesting outdoor entertainments, we duly made our way to the Great County Sale at Earl's Court. Selina, who yields to none in her devotion to Royalty, chose a coign of vantage near the entrance, and curtsied into the earth as the Duke of Cambridge passed her. The manœuvre, though well planned and prettily executed, somehow missed its effect, but I could not help thinking that the Royal eye rested rather approvingly on Bertha, who was standing next her elder sister.

I apprehend that Selina thought the same, for she remarked with asperity that some one—I did not catch the name—had 'got very old,' and that, if he had not been in his dotage, he must

have remembered that she had been his *vis-à-vis* in a quadrille at the Loamshire Hunt Ball.

Naturally it was to the Loamshire stall that we first directed our steps, feeling assured of a welcome from the magnates of our own county which would tend to re-establish our self-respect. But somehow the reality did not accord with our anticipations. The Topham-Sawyers, indeed, were very affectionate, and hoped that Bertha was enjoying her visit to us, 'in spite of its being such a bad season;' and the wife of the head of my family constrained me to spend ten shillings on a buttonhole of her own making. But the daughters of the Lord Lieutenant seemed indifferent to their old neighbours; and all paid what I thought was unnecessary court to a mountainous matron, of aspect more gorgeous than gracious, whose name sounded like 'Goldbug,' and who, as we subsequently discovered, has taken the principal place in Loamshire for a term of years.

Mrs. Goldbug had a paragraph to herself in the next issue of 'Classy Cuttings,' which described her as clad in 'a wonderful dress of softest white silk with innumerable small flounces, and an enormous black crinoline hat. Beads, also, of the most gorgeous kind were worn in masses, the chain reaching almost to her feet.'

The wearer of the enormous black crinoline hat stared, I thought, rather insolently at Selina, and though the Lord Lieutenant's daughter audibly murmured in her ear the magic words, 'Topham-Sawyer,' the spell produced no effect. Mrs. Goldbug evidently knew nothing about the county,⁷ and cared less. But the county knew all about her, and was working her for all she was worth—which, I imagine, was no trifle.

Thus mortified where we ought to have been made much of, we were not long in shaking off the dust of Earl's Court from our feet and plunging into the depths of the Underground. For, indeed, both Selina and Bertha were a little tired by their athletic efforts in the crowd at Stafford House the night before; and it is a characteristic of all the Topham-Sawyers that being tired is with them a synonym for being cross.

As soon as it was announced that the National Life Boat Institution would have a *fête* at Stafford House, Selina resolved to attend it; and though, as a rule, she is economical even to the point of parsimony, she hesitated not a moment in spending four guineas in tickets for herself and Bertha. She had got hold of a

story that the house will shortly revert to the Crown, and she was determined, as she said, 'to see the dear old place once again.' The period at which she was an habitual frequenter of its Scagliola halls she conveniently but vaguely indicates as 'those days.' At the Cashingtons' last dinner-party I overheard her pensively murmuring to her neighbour, 'No one was so much at Stafford House in those days. The dear Duchess was the kindest friend I ever had, and wanted to present me, only Mamma preferred doing it herself. No, we don't know the present people; and I am not sure we should care to. Everything is so completely changed. But I can't help having a feeling for the house where one spent so many happy hours, and I should like Bertha to see it just for once.'

I believe that these romantic reminiscences do not lack a foundation of fact; for the late Mr. Topham-Sawyer sate on a railway board with the late Duke of Sutherland, and his wife and daughters were sometimes asked to the 'large parties' at Stafford House. Whether they ever penetrated to the inner circle of the 'small parties' is a question which I should not like to put to Selina, for she has a just distaste for morbid curiosity.

So the Pilgrimage of Fashion was duly made, in a neat little vehicle supplied by the Coupé Company, which Selina wisely prefers to the rather mouldy productions of the Stuccovian livery-yard. Selina always looks her best in black, so she was in high spirits and not the least 'tired.' I satisfied myself that she had got her tickets, five shillings as a provision against emergencies, and the door-key, and then went with a good conscience to my club, dined there in great peace, and finished the evening at 'The Man from Blankley's.' Next morning both Selina and Bertha breakfasted upstairs, so as to renew their energies for the County Sale, and I had no opportunity of questioning them about the proceedings at Stafford House. But I looked out for 'Classy Cuttings' on the ensuing Saturday, and was gratified by perusing a descriptive notice in which, as old-fashioned critics used to say, I was at no loss to distinguish the gifted touch of Mrs. Bottle Green. This lady made her fame by a Romance of High Life, in which people were summoned to dinner by 'the ancestral sound of a gong,' and seated themselves on 'what looked like dining-room chairs, but, rightly considered, were English History.' An authoress thus high-toned is naturally in great demand as a chronicler of social 'Functions' (I love that word), and I am told

that she sucks no small advantage out of her connection with 'Classy Cuttings.' She was quite at her best in describing the performance at Stafford House. I transcribe her narrative *verbatim et litteratim* :

The *fête* began at nine o'clock, but hours before then hungry sightseers disposed themselves in Pall Mall, ready to bestow an indiscriminating admiration on the 'paying guests' of Stafford House. Two guineas would secure you admission, and those who arrived early enough and took a liberal view of the rights with which two guineas endowed them could shake hands with the Duchess, who stood half-way up the main staircase, and enjoy all kinds of consequent illusions. You might construct a scale of illusion by payment according to this plan—say so many guineas for sitting down to supper next a Royal Duke, and so many for spending the whole evening in the company of a marquis—and I have no doubt that the scale was actually, if insensibly, put into practice to-night. It is said that this is the last day on which Stafford House will be thrown open, and certainly it could not have done itself greater credit for the last time. Vauxhall (as described by Thackeray), Marseilles, the entertainments of Sardona Palus—all these names which are connected with brilliant and fantastic entertainments passed through my head as I walked into Stafford House. Constellations of electric lights glowed on the Oriental carpets, the spacious stair, the marble Corinthian pillars, and the pictures after Veronese. The state apartments run round the whole of the first floor, and Louis XIV. speaks to you from every chair and from every couch. Up those stairs by Ronald Moore walked, and since then has walked many a celebrated person known for accidental or intrinsic reasons. To-night—rare occasion—the great glass doors at the foot of the main stairs were thrown open. They are supposed by a tradition to be opened only for Royal persons and for a departing bride. From top to bottom of this stair was a fluid crowd of well-dressed women and men, well-known and otherwise, particularly the former. Such a scene of well-mannered confusion would be difficult to equal.

A fine object of interest for the curious (and for the philosopher, too, perhaps) was the supper tables in the banquetting hall, for which 50*l.* each was paid. A 50*l.* supper-table acquires a kind of heroic interest to which it is difficult to do real justice. How mean appeared the 25*l.* supper-tables laid in an annexe of the banquetting hall! although it was argued, I believe, by those responsible for the sale that the sensation of being in the banquetting hall could practically be enjoyed by those in the annexe—the sensation, that is, of being a 50*l.* supper-eater.

The printer may be responsible for 'Marseilles' and 'Sardona Palus,' but the moralisation at the end is Mrs. Green's, and hers alone. As Mr. Squeers remarked when he smacked Smike's face in the hackney coach, 'That's real flesh and blood. I know the feel of it.'

The exertion of fighting her way through this brilliant throng proved a little too much for Selina's strength. As I said before, she was 'tired' next day; and talked peevishly of being 'dragged round London,' and 'not being made of cast iron.' Not content with bewailing her own fatigues, she insisted that Bertha (whose

complexion and appetite would seem to indicate the soundest health) was 'pulled down,' and must see our family practitioner, Dr. Snuffin, whose practice in Stuccovia and the neighbourhood rivals that of his celebrated grandfather, Sir Tumley.

Bertha, who, in her native air of Loamshire can hunt all day and dance all night without turning a hair, has a whole-hearted dislike of quinine and cod-liver oil; and though, as a rule, she is properly submissive to Selina while she is under our roof, she now broke out in flat rebellion, and plainly said that if Dr. Snuffin gave her any of his abominations she would pour them down the sink.

Thus defied, Selina (who in the meantime had been exceedingly vexed with Snuffin for suggesting that what she called 'nerve-exhaustion' was really dyspepsia, caused by errors of diet at Stafford House) suddenly changed her tune. She said that very likely Bertha was right after all. Certainly Dr. Snuffin was very foolish sometimes. He had a perfect mania for putting everything down to stomach; and, for her own part, she believed that both she and Bertha wanted 'tone.' She herself felt that she required more exercise than she got in London; and she had some thoughts of going in for 'Norwegian gymnastics.' At any rate, it could do no harm to hear the lecture on them which was to be given at the vicarage by the lady who invented the system.

To the vicarage accordingly we repaired. Mrs. Soulsby's friends, previously regaled with tea and cress-sandwiches, were ranged round the drawing-room on small cane chairs. Bertha and young Bumpstead shared a sofa. The Vicar leaned statuesquely on the chimney-piece. Silence was proclaimed, and the lecturer took her stand by the piano at the end of the room. She was a good-looking woman whom, but for her Norwegian professions, I should have taken for a true subject of the Kingdom of Cockaigne; no longer as young as she once had been, but still happy in the possession of a waist which did infinite credit to her method. She began by saying that most systems of gymnastics failed because they were too ambitious. They taught us to walk, to run, to climb, to lift weights, to vault over bars, but they all forgot the indispensable preliminary. They did not teach us to stand. He, and more particularly she, who knew how to stand properly, knew the secret of strength, of health, and of beauty. If we would do her the honour to look at her we should see what right standing really was. The feet planted firmly and flatly on

the floor—high heels were anathema. The body upright as a column, the head thrown back, the chest well expanded and extended. Thus every organ of the body was thrown into its proper place; every muscle did its appointed work; every breath was a pleasure, every movement a picture. But important as all this was for health, for activity, and for beauty, it was more important still as a contribution to national well-being, and the physical excellence of Englishmen yet unborn. 'I appeal,' cried the lecturer, warming to her work, 'I appeal to all good citizens, and to those who care for the highest interests of the next generation. I address myself, not to mere *parents*—for the thoughtless rabbit, the mocking ape, the vainglorious peacock, these are *parents*—but to those who in the truest and highest sense are mothers—to you, Madam,' with an imperial sweep of her hand towards old Miss Wigmore (a cousin of Selina's through the Harley-Bakers), who shuddered at the appeal, and turned timidly towards Selina for protection. But at this moment a half-checked giggle burst from the corner where Bertha had been sitting, and I heard young Bumpstead on the stairs informing the waiter (who also keeps the square tidy and blows the organ) that he could not have stuck it a minute longer—not for all the money in the bank.

THE INSPECTOR OF PRIVATE NUISANCES.

CHAPTER I.

ONE man in a thousand can write a play. He doesn't. Unsuspicious of his talent, he follows some useful and remunerative occupation. The other nine hundred and ninety-nine produce dramatic works of more or less dramatic value. To this number Theodore Jebb had an unaccountable wish to belong. He was a barrister without briefs—an individual devoid of the slightest knowledge of the stage; therefore it was only natural he should desire to write a play. He had seen farces acted; he had seen farces laughed at; and he jumped to the conclusion that farces were possibly written by people like himself. He put the question point-blank to several of his friends in the Temple: 'Why shouldn't he write a farce?' None of the unemployed whom he knew intimately had any valid reason to urge except that they didn't suppose he could. How did they know that he couldn't write a farce? There is a certain development of the jaw denotes the individual possessed of burglarious talent. A peculiar parchment-like colour scheme denotes the young man who is likely to succeed at the Chancery Bar. A slight tendency to alcoholism is noticeable among those of us who are liable to make our mark on the music-hall stage. But there are no known indices of the incipient writer of farces. One cannot tell by looking at a man's face or examining a man's pedigree whether or not he is likely to write a screaming farce in the immediate future. If a friend comes up to you and states that he intends writing a farce, you can congratulate him, or you can insult him, or you can condole with his relatives; but you cannot produce reasons which shall prove to his dissatisfaction that the halo of the farce-writer shall never shimmer round his brow.

Theodore made up his mind to write a farce. He even proclaimed his farce-writing proclivities. If a man says that he is writing a farce, if a man says that he is suffering from bronchial catarrh, you cannot contradict him. You merely inquire, with as much intelligence and show of zeal as you may,

how the farce or the catarrh is progressing. Your subsequent conversation is influenced by the answer which you receive.

Long before Theodore had settled the scheme of his farce, or even decided at what theatre it should be produced when written, people made kindly inquiries as to its progress. By the time he had bought a large quantity of foolscap and a few stylographic pens Theodore's intimate friends had made verbal application for seats on the first night. Being true and loyal well-wishers of Theodore, they had suggested that no question of finance should interfere with their presence on the production of the said farce. Theodore saw and appreciated their point of view. By degrees he acquired a certain celebrity in Temple Courts as a man who was going to write a farce. He began to feel a subtle pleasure in being pointed out as 'Theodore Jebb, you know, the fellow who's writing the farce.' In course of time his face assumed the expression of a man revolving humorous thoughts.

As he walked in the Inner Temple Gardens after lunch his mouth twitched downwards at the left-hand corner, or worked cunningly up at the right, in a fashion which was itself incentive to mirth. Any dullard could see with half an eye that Theodore was incubating a merry jest. 'By Jove!' was not an infrequent comment on Theodore's facial manœuvres, 'it will be a funny farce. I'm glad I'm going to the first night.'

But there were some who—*erant qui*, to use a terse but superfluous classicism—were sceptical.

Still, even when a farce is written and produced there are people who are perfectly prepared to say—and are, as any author knows, paid to say—that it is sheer nonsense. So Theodore valued at its proper worth the scepticism which was expressed as to his unwritten masterpiece. But he was not deterred from his purpose. He worked hard, and by the alleged end of the so-called last century he had written—or, rather, compiled—his farce. He had also decided at what theatre it was to be produced. It merely remained for him to convey the news and the play to the management of that theatre. He should have been a happy man.

Up to a point he was. But one thing worried him. That thing was a girl of eighteen, whose name was Nelly. The growing tendency of *fiancées* to be called Nelly is not the least of the minor inconveniences of modern life. Theodore had found favour in her sight, and she had conveyed to him a certain half-

restrained wish to become Mrs. Theodore Jebb. That he, on his part, should be in the not very remote future Theodore Jebb, Q.C., was a clause in the contract—unwritten, but distinctly accepted by Theodore. He had good reason to believe that his reputation as a man who was going to be a distinguished farce-writer had reached her in Cromwell Road. The good reason was conveyed in a note which merely asked him brusquely to come in to tea the next day.

Nelly had never looked so exactly the woman he wished to make his wife as she did on that November afternoon. Her lips had never seemed so entirely kissable as they did in framing the sentence, 'I hear you have written a farce.' But her eyes had never worn the ominously determined expression which came into them as he answered, 'Yes.'

'Is it very funny?' she asked coldly.

'It is the funniest farce, if I may say so, that was ever written. In fact, it contains all the humorous characters and all the ridiculous situations that I have ever seen in any farce. I may say that it is a sort of Liebig's extract of farce.'

'You mean, Theo, that everybody is mistaken for everybody else?'

'Everybody.'

'People are put under tables and sofas?'

'Everybody is put either under a table or under a sofa. Some of the more important characters are placed under a comic shower bath.'

'And the hats of these characters?'

'They are all sat upon at least once. As one of these hats contains a missing will, you may imagine the humorous complications which ensue.'

'Yes, I think I can,' answered Nelly sadly. 'Have you any policemen in your play?'

'Yes, indeed. I wasn't likely to forget them. The aunt of one of the characters,' he said, with growing enthusiasm, 'dresses up in the clothes of a policeman—the one who has come to court the cook. But all the characters are arrested either for bigamy, or for burglary, or for riot and unlawful assembly, or for conspiring with a person or persons unknown to commit the same. So the police are practically in and out of the premises. It's always touch and go, if you take my meaning.'

'Where are these premises?'

'The Duke's house in Grosvenor Square.'

A look of hopeless sorrow came over Nelly's face. 'What do you call this peculiar condition of modern life?'

'What ho! *She bumps!* Good name, isn't it?'

With an acute expression of misery, as though every word was a stab in her heart, she repeated slowly, '*What ho! She bumps!* *What ho! Who bumps?*'

'She, the wife whose husband has run over to Boulogne pretending that he's got electrical works at Preston.'

'I had a foreboding of something of that sort,' she said to herself. 'So in her husband's absence,' she added, 'this woman bumps, does she?'

'By Jove, she does—with a vengeance. It's awfully funny at the end of the second act, when the Duke, who is disguised as a dustman, . . .'

'Comes home unexpectedly,' put in Nelly.

'And the servants . . .'

'Who have gone to a masked ball at Covent Garden.'

'But have just come back to lay breakfast, mistake him for the tax-collector. The fact that you see the sequence of the thing proves that I've worked out the psychology all right. Then, of course, everybody says, "*What ho! She bumps!*"' Theo roared with laughter. Nelly's face was a pitiful blank.

'In the great situations of life do you imagine that everybody expresses his emotions by that singular expression?'

'Oh, yes. That's the catchword of the piece. You can't imagine how funny it will sound when everybody keeps saying it!'

'Is it all as funny as that?'

'How silly you are, Nelly! Of course it isn't all as funny as that. You can't have your audience laughing all the time.'

She stood firm and erect before him.

'I'm afraid I've made a mistake,' she said. 'What it costs me to tell you this you will never know, you will—I am sure—never understand. Possibly you may think that I am "bumping" now. I dare say I am. I have no conception of what the process consists; but of this, Theodore, I am sure, I can never be your wife!'

The dramatist was as a man who is struck by a beam between the eyes. 'Nelly,' he cried, 'I don't understand.'

'No, I suppose you don't,' fell sadly from her lips. 'You and I are in different worlds. I thought that I was engaged to a

barrister who might one day make a name for himself. Instead of that, I find that you are living in a world the inhabitants of which are dukes who disguise themselves as dustmen, people who in the intervals of unlawful assembly conceal themselves beneath sofas and live by bigamy and bumping.' Ineffable sorrow stole over her face.

He was paralysed at her grief.

'I should be known as the wife of the man who wrote *What ho! She bumps!* Oh, the shame of it, the bitter, bitter shame!'

'But, Nelly,' he pleaded, 'the play may never be produced.'

'No, no,' she said, shaking her head sadly. 'A play like that is bound to be produced, is bound to be a success. England will ring with our name. The piece will be played for hundreds of thousands of nights. It will perhaps be translated into German with an appendix,' and Nelly burst into tears at the thought.

He tried to console her.

'It doesn't matter,' she said, 'whether the play is produced or not. The fact remains—that you wrote it.' Argument was useless. Appeals were vain. Theodore left the house a disengaged man.

CHAPTER II.

FOR ten or fifteen years *What ho! She bumps!* went the way of all great dramatic works—from pillar-box to post. All recognised theatrical managers received one of the eight typewritten copies which had been prepared. Some managers sent it back by return of post with a polite note requesting that the author should give them the privilege of reading and refusing all his subsequent works. Others merely said that they had never read anything like *What ho! She bumps!* Two or three even kept the play carefully for six years and then lost it. Every actor who was considered likely to take a theatre, or who was supposed to know some one who was likely to take a theatre, received a package from Theodore. At length after twenty years an actor felt that his social status was not established unless he had been given the opportunity of reading *What ho! She bumps!* By 1925 it had become the great English unacted classic. It was classed as the *Hamlet* of unproduced plays. Theo read a paper about it to the Playgoers' Club in the spring of 1927. The thing was the great boom of the season. Actors who had never received a copy

wrote to the author for the piece, not necessarily for production but as a guarantee of his good faith in them.

Suddenly Theo discovered that he had not a single copy in his possession. He wrote to the papers to that effect. There was a howl of indignation throughout the country. The loss of the Sibylline Books, the burning of the Library at Alexandria, was as nothing to the disaster which the world had sustained by the disappearance of *What ho! She bumps!* When it was clear that no copy could be found, and that the author, having entirely forgotten all about the play, was unable to reconstruct it, he received cables from American managers who were anxious to buy it, letters from great German scholars offering to annotate it, applications from novelists to novelise it, requests from poets for permission to make it into epics or pantoums according to their special talent. In fact, there seemed to be scarcely any branch of art into which it could not be converted. Sculptors even employed the title to popularise their works. A weekly comic paper was called 'The W.H.S.B.!' Then the boom, resting on a non-existing foundation, suddenly expired. Theo, on the whole, was rather pleased.

To be the unknown author of an unacted play is a not unusual position, but to be the celebrated author of a play which does not exist is a somewhat anomalous state of life. The writing of the play had wrecked his happiness and had condemned him to a life of celibacy. The loss of the play had put him on a pinnacle as the greatest unacted dramatist the world had ever known. It is perfectly easy to behave as a distinguished financier. A celebrated pianist follows certain well-recognised precedents in the way of dressing his hair and undressing his throat. Greatness in any orthodox walk of life is exemplified by certain clearly defined symbols of success. But there are no rules for the guidance of a great dramatist whose greatness lies in the fact that his masterpiece has never been produced. Therefore it was with no slight joy that Theodore realised in 1930 that *What ho! She bumps!* was absolutely forgotten, and that he had joined the ranks of the ex-literary celebrities.

Besides, life had dealt tenderly with him. He had found that the Bar, like Glasgow, was exceedingly easy to get away from. He had pushed his way till he had become one of the Charity Commissioners, and under the various *régimes* which rapidly succeeded one another in the early portion of the twentieth century

he had moved from one snug berth to another. During the short-lived first Empire he had invented the post of Inspector of Private Nuisances, and had secured his appointment to that lucrative position, a position which he retained under the second Republic.

It was in this capacity that he called at the St. Martin's Theatre on a November afternoon in 1937. Theo was immediately shown into the private office of the manager, for the Inspector of Private Nuisances was not a man to be denied.

Each of us has a very clear idea as to whether or not he is guilty of being a nuisance of a public nature, but he would be a bold man who should deny that he is guiltless of being a nuisance in the privacy of his own home. Therein lay the financial advantage of being the Inspector of Private Nuisances. Theo had but to send up his card to any prominent citizen, and the card served as the pricking of the guilty conscience of that citizen, however prominent. The qualms of conscience were only assuaged by the production of a cheque book.

The manager was engaged in the unmanagerial occupation of reading a play, and therefore received Theo with considerable enthusiasm. 'I didn't expect to see you again so soon,' he said, with a smile of welcome.

'No, no,' was the cheery answer. 'I was passing this way, and as it was after banking hours I thought you might be able to cash me a cheque.'

'With the greatest pleasure in life,' said the manager, dolefully.

'I think fifty pounds will be sufficient.'

The manager handed ten five-pound notes to the business side of the public conscience.

The Public Conscience placed them in his private pocket book.

When the Inspector of Private Nuisances got a cheque cashed it was not his practice to go to the trouble of writing the cheque. That was one of the reasons why the post which Theo had invented was so wonderfully lucrative.

The manager beamed on him. Theo was not accustomed to being beamed on when he inspected possible Private Nuisances. He was a little surprised.

The manager seemed called upon to explain the reason of his beaming. 'I've got a little gold mine here,' he said, tapping

the table with the manuscript he held in his hand. 'This is the finest tragedy that was ever written.'

The Inspector of Nuisances felt that tragedies were somewhat in his department. He sat down and prepared to listen with critical indulgence.

The manager gave him a synopsis of a play in which the direst mischances overtook all the characters. The course of true love ran far from smoothly; it fact, it ran under tables, through windows, into meat safes. It was an absolute obstacle race for Cupid. The manager shed salt tears at the sadness of the whole thing. His sorrow was infectious. Even the Inspector wept—indulgently.

'Confound it, Sir, if the play affects you and me, hardened men of the world, like this, when I've only told you the mere bald plot of the piece in my own crude words, what will the audience do? Why, they will weep a Niagara of golden tears!'

Then the two strong men were silent from emotion for a space.

'And where do you think the missing will was all the time?' asked the manager.

'The missing will? Was there a missing will?'

'Of course there was a missing will.'

Echoes of his youth vibrated through the Inspector's brain.

'I can't tell you where it was off hand, but I should say that it was in somebody's hat,' he answered, as though groping in the darkness of the past. 'I have a sort of intuitive feeling that the will was in somebody's hat—somebody's silk hat.'

'It was,' said the manager, again dissolving into tears.

A new light burst upon the Inspector. 'If you can get away from your grief, perhaps you will tell me what strikes you as sad in a will being concealed in a hat.'

But the manager could not get away from his grief. 'You might as well ask me what there is lugubrious in a duke being mistaken for a dustman.'

'I also ask you that.'

'Would you like it—if you were the duke—or the dustman?' Again the manager wept.

'It's sadder than *Hamlet*, fifty per cent. sadder than *Hamlet*,' was all he could say.

Then he added, 'I shall make twenty thousand pounds out of this tragedy.'

'But it isn't a tragedy, it's a farce,' roared the Inspector.

The manager nodded the irritating nod of 'the man who knows better than that.'

Theo became purple in the face. 'I ought to know better than you. I wrote it,' he shouted.

'You wrote it!' the manager cried, with intense surprise.

'I wrote it, I tell you, and I wrote it as a farce.'

'A man often thinks he's writing a farce, but it turns out a tragedy on the first night. This will be a tragedy on the first night,' he answered, with the expression of a person secretly giving birth to a subtle scheme.

'I will not allow you to produce that farce as a tragedy,' screamed Theodore. 'Look at my position as Inspector of Private Nuisances! How can I invade the privacy of people's nuisances if I myself am the author of a gigantic public nuisance?'

'Yes, of course you'll probably have to give up inspecting. But in the cause of Art. Euripides is now looking down upon you and expecting you to do your duty. I don't see how you can ever hope to meet Maeterlinck with a clear conscience if you allow your paltry post in the nuisance line to debar you from joining the brotherhood of Ibsen. Now I think of it, your work is rather like Ibsen's, only vaster, sadder, more replete with the inward underlying tragedy of the so-called trivialities of life!'

'I tell you my play is a screaming farce,' roared Theodore.

'Farce, my dear sir! Don't talk nonsense. You forget your fantastically dire *motif*.'

'There's no *motif* in the whole thing. I'm not Wagner!'

'Pardon me, you are in a sense,' said the manager thoughtfully. 'You are, I should say, a prose Wagner. If I may take the liberty of putting you in a nutshell, I should describe you as an unconscious Wagner. That is a phrase which will live—"Théodore Jebb, the unconscious Wagner, the Maeterlinck *malgré lui*." Yes, I think that will live,' he added, beaming with satisfaction. Dreamily he continued: 'I shall, of course, engage a great actress to play the *motif*.'

'I'm hanged if I know what you mean by the *motif*.'

The manager gazed at him with indulgence. 'Such waggishness is quite—what is the word?—quite un-Wagnerian.'

'Don't call me that again. I've told you I'm not Wagner.'

The manager waved the denial aside.

'Consider, my dear sir, the effect of the darkened stage when

the Duke enters at daybreak, disguised as a dustman. The rising sun of a newer life sheds its rays on the breakfast table, and borne, as it were, upon the breeze of Hope comes the mystic crooning cry *What ho!*—the long drawn-out sigh of a soul in pain. Then, pregnant with evil and a piccolo accompaniment, *She!!! Bumps!!!!* Oh, the sadness and the sorrow of it all! Excuse me.' He wept.

'I tell you it's a roaring farce,' groaned the Inspector.

'How can people roar at broken hats? Broken hearts, yes. Broken hats, no. There are at least eight hats absolutely ruined in your play.' His voice trembled. 'One, indeed, has tea poured into it. How can an audience of habitual hat wearers fail to weep at such misfortunes? Hat wearers, sir, as a class are human!'

Theodore was reduced to argument. 'People have always laughed at anything which happened to a hat. If one was blown off by the wind the spectators invariably laughed. What, for instance, is funnier than a fellow going off with the wrong hat at a restaurant?'

'Anything almost is funnier than that.' There was a pause. 'There can be no humour in disaster,' he went on. 'Is it funny for a man to lose money by his bank smashing? No. Is it funny for a man to lose money by his hat smashing? Equally no. Any hat represents a certain amount of invested capital. It may be wisely invested in the hat, or it may be imprudently invested in the hat, but its loss is a financial calamity all the same. In the nineteenth century people may have been amused at disasters. Now we have progressed: we weep at them. Then you have the tragic shower-bath, ruining the clothes of the retired station-master. Nothing more awesome has ever been put on the stage. It is a more terrible engine than the Iron Maiden of Nuremberg. I doubt whether the public is educated up to that shower-bath. Perhaps I may ask you to modify its action a little. If I may be allowed to put that shower-bath in a nutshell'—

'No, sir, you may not. Neither may you put my play on the stage.' Theodore bent threateningly over the manager.

'Oh, I shall certainly put your play on the stage,' was the decided answer.

'You can't. It's my play.'

'It was yours once, but by the Assets Abolition Act of the

first Republic the copyright of any artistic work—and this is a remarkably artistic work—lapses five years after completion. Your truly phenomenal *tragedy* was completed in 1900.'

Theodore walked furiously about the room. 'How did you get hold of it?' he said bitterly.

'As a matter of fact, your brilliant *tragic* play had been used for stuffing a throne which my predecessor employed in *Macbeth*. Wicked waste, wasn't it?'

Theodore was beginning to sympathise with himself.

The manager was relentless. 'Of course, if you were the Inspector of Public Nuisances you might stop the play, because your *tragedy* will undoubtedly be the most stupendous public nuisance ever known. But as there will be no privacy about the nuisance of the work of Mr. Theodore Jebb, I don't think you've got a *locus standi*, if I may use the expression. . . . If by any chance you could cash a cheque for two thousand pounds without troubling me to write it. . . .'

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On the whole, the office of Inspector of Private Nuisances is perhaps not as lucrative as is commonly supposed.

FRANK RICHARDSON.

THE CUP AND THE LIP.

MISADVENTURE filled more than its fair share of space in early Alpine literature, partly because the mildly horrible has its own fascination, partly because even the mountaineer can find something not entirely displeasing in the benightments of his friends, partly because failure is, on the whole, more picturesque—or, at least, more suitable for fine writing—than success. I do not speak of serious accidents—*majores majora canant*; for accounts of these, and receipts for their avoidance also, you may search not in vain in any Alpine library—but of the little roll down a snow-slope, the little blow from a stone, the moment's peril when the snow-bridge breaks, the long hours of the unpremeditated bivouac and the twinges of rheumatism by which through long years you will retain its memory, of all those little slips and falls which complete the climber's 'rake's progress' and turn him from a callow youth with coloured tops to his stockings, who dallies with pretty bits of climbing and has a taste for carrying his own knapsack, into the scarred and bearded veteran who appreciates the moral support of the rope and plods obediently and unburdened after his veteran guide. To tell of such adventures was the joy of the writers of forty years ago; and Mr. Kennedy's night adventures on the Bristenstock, Mr. Whymper's fall on the Tête du Lion and his account of Reynaud's involuntary leap on the Col de la Pilatte, and the delightful indiscretions of Mr. Girdlestone have long ago passed beyond the fury of the leader-writers, who saw in each a fresh instance of the audacious wickedness of man, into the calm region of the classics. 'Theirs was the giant race before the flood' of pamphlets, magazine articles, and sober volumes bound in aniline-dyed cloth had dulled the popular palate and made it necessary to seek a newer world for him who would take his heroism to the best market. If we slip nowadays we don't tell about it. Yet even in these days, when the purchase of an axe at Anderegg's and a few nails at Andenmatten's will make you a mountaineer in the few hours between the arrival of the English mail and the grotesque time at which you will be rudely bidden to arise on the following morning—

even in these days I fancy that you will suffer many a rough knock before you reach the seats of the mighty in Savile Row. Some few there be, mighty athletes from their youth up, who take the sport by storm and seem to escape the chances of us ordinary creatures; but for the most of us the craft is long to learn, the conquering hard. And in the experience of many there are two distinct phases. There is the time when, flushed with youth and victory, you seem to go on from strength to strength, faster from year to year, more confident in foot and hand, more scornful of the rope which you have seen so often used, not as a means of safety, but as an assistance to the progression of the weaker brethren, until one day your foot unaccountably finds the step too small, or the bit of rock comes away in your hand, or the outraged spirit of the mountains smites you suddenly with a stone, and all is changed. Henceforth every well-worn and half-despised precaution has a new meaning for you; it becomes a point of honour to walk circumspectly, to turn the rope round every helpful projection when the leader moves, and to mark and keep your distance; and you begin to catch a little of the wisdom of our fathers. It is not until the slip comes—as it comes to all—that you believe a slip is possible; and were it not for slips the continual advance of cup to lip might become in time monotonous and irksome, and mountaineering nothing but a more laborious and elaborate form of walking up a damp flight of stairs. But when it has come, and there has passed away the result of the consequent shock to your self-esteem, and to other even more sensitive portions of your person, there succeeds a new pride of achievement, and you will have the advantages of the converted sinner over the ninety and nine just persons whose knickerbockers are still unruven. Furthermore, you will have commenced the graduate stage of your mountaineering education. Unlucky, too, will you be if your experience has not given you something more than a juster estimate of your own moral and physical excellence; for your misfortune, if you have chosen your companions aright, will suddenly turn your grumbling hireling into a friend as gentle and as patient as a nurse, and disclose in those who were your friends qualities of calm and steadfastness, never revealed in the fret of the valley; while, if you need wine and oil for your wounds, when you reach home again, you will find in the inn some English doctor, asking nothing better than to devote the best part of his holiday to the gratuitous healing of the stranger,

The form of my own awakening was not such as to require wine or oil or consolation, and indeed, had I spoken of it at the time, would have scarcely escaped ridicule. We had reached the summit of our pass, and the guides and myself had decided that the steep wall of snow on the further side was an admirable place for a glissade. Accordingly we went through the inevitable ritual of the summit, consumed as much sour bread and wine as we could, with unerring inaccuracy applied the wrong names to all the newly disclosed mountain-tops, adjusted the rope and prepared for the descent. Unfortunately we omitted to explain the particular form of pleasure in which we were about to indulge to my companion, who was ignorant alike of mountaineering and the German tongue. The result was simple: the second guide, who was in front, set off with his feet together and his axe behind him; I followed in as correct an imitation of his attitude as I could induce my body to assume; but the novice stood still on the crest of the pass to 'await in fitting silence the event,' and the rope tightened. The jerk, after nearly cutting me in two, laid me on my back in the snow, and was then transmitted to the guide, who was also pulled off his feet and plunged head foremost down. Our combined weights drew after us both my companion and the chief guide, who was taken unawares, and both came crushing upon me. We rolled over and over, mutually pounding one another as we rolled; hats and spectacles and axes preceded us, and huge snowballs followed in our wake, until, breathless and humiliated, we had cleared the *Schrund*, and came to an ignominious halt on the flat snow below.

This was no very rude introduction to my climbing deficiencies, but before the end of the season I had felt fear at the pit of my stomach. We (that is A. T. and myself) had scrambled up an Austrian mountain, and, on our way down, had come to where the little glacier intervenes between the precipice and the little moraine heaps above the forest. The glacier would hardly deserve the name in any other part of the Alps, so small is it; but it makes up for what it lacks in size by its exceeding steepness; the hardness of its ice, and the ferocity (if one may attribute personal characteristics to Nature) of the rock walls which keep in its stream on either hand, hem it in so closely that I think it must be always in deep shadow, even in the middle of a June day.

Here you must cross it very nearly on a level, and then skirt down its further side between ice and rock for a few feet before

you come to a suitable place for the crossing of the big crevasse below you; and then a short slide down old avalanche debris shoots you deliciously into the sun again. The crossing of the glacier in the steps cut by the numerous parties who have passed on previous days is an extremely simple affair. But you must not hurry, for a slip could not be checked, and would probably finish in the before-mentioned crevasse. We started, however, in some fear; for a party ascending the mountain favoured us with continual showers of stones of all sizes, and the higher they climbed the more viciously came their artillery. Hence I was nervous and apt to go carelessly when we reached the middle of the ice, and here the worse began. I heard a strange, whizzing, whirring noise, which sounded strangely familiar, accompanied by a physical shiver on my part and a curious knocking together of the knees; again and again it came, followed each time by a slight dull thud; and, looking at the rocks below us on each side, I saw a little white puff of dust rising at every concussion. Then I knew why the sound seemed familiar. I was reminded how, as a panting schoolboy, I had toiled up a long dusty road to a certain down with a rifle much too large for me, in the vain hope of shooting my third-class, and how, as we bruised our shoulders at the 200 yards' range, another young gentleman firing at the 400 yards at the parallel range on the left, had mistaken his mark and fired across our heads at the target beyond us on the right. Everything was present the indescribable whirring of the bullet, its horrible invisibility while it flew, and the grey little cloud as it flattened itself on the white paint of the target. The sensation was horrible, the tendency to hurry irresistible, and but for my companion I should have risked slip and crevasse and everything to get out of the line of fire. But my companion remained absolutely steady; while he poured forth curses in every language and every *patois* ever spoken in the Italian Tyrol, he still moved his feet as deliberately, improved the steps with as much care and minuteness as if he were a Chamounix guide conducting a Frenchman on the Mer de Glace. I know he felt the position as acutely as I did, for when, a week later, we had to cross the same place under a similar fire, and the third member of the party was sent on in front with a large rope to re-cut the steps, he turned to me with impressive simplicity and said, '*Adesso è quello in grande pericolo.*' If he is hit, we cannot save him.' How long we took to cross I do not know, But when at last we reached the

other bank we cast the rope off with one impulse, and, bending under the shelter of the rocks, ran where I had found climbing hard in the morning, jumped the bergschrund, fell and rolled down the snow under a final volley from the mountain, and lay long by the stream panting and safe.

I suspect the danger here was far more apparent than real. My next adventure with a falling stone was more real than I like to think of. Four of us had been scrambling round the rocks beside the Ventina Glacier, and were returning to our camp to lunch. By bad luck, as it turned out, I reached level ground first, and, lying on my back amongst great boulders, watched with amusement the struggles of my companions who were about a hundred feet above me, apparently unable to get up or down. They were screaming to me, but the torrent drowned their voices, and I smoked my pipe in contentment. *Suave mari magno*. At last they moved, and with them the huge rock which they had been endeavouring to uphold and shouting to me to beware of. It crashed down towards me, but I determined to stop where I was. The roughness of the ground would have hindered my escape to any distance, and I calculated on stepping quickly aside when my enemy had declared himself for any particular path of attack. So I did, but the stone at that moment broke in pieces, and, quick as I was with desperation, one fragment was quicker still. It caught me, glancing as I turned, between the shoulder and the elbow, only just touching me, as I suppose, for the bone was quite unhurt. Up I went into the air and down I came among the stones, with all the wind knocked out of me, large bruises all over me, not hurt, but very much frightened.

Such experiences as this leave no very lasting impression, and might just as easily happen were the party accompanied by the best of guides. But I hardly think that any guide would have been crack-brained enough to take part in two expeditions which taught me what it feels like to slip on rock and ice respectively. The first slip took place during the winter. With one companion I was climbing in a long and not very difficult gully on a Welsh mountain. The frost had just broken, and there was more water in the pitches than was quite pleasant. It was very cold water, and my hands, which had been frost-bitten the week before, were still swathed in bandages. Hence progress was very slow, and at last my friend took the lead to spare me. He was climbing over a big overhanging stone jammed between the walls of the gully

and forming an excellent spout for the water, which was thus poured conveniently down his neck. I stood on the shelving floor of the gully in perfect safety, and watched the shower-bath, which was gradually exhausting him. He asked for his axe, and I, in a moment of madness, came near and handed it up; his legs, which were all I could then see of him, were kicking in the water about five feet above my head. What happened next I do not know, but I shall always maintain that, seeing an eligible blade of grass above him, he plunged the adze in and hauled with both hands. The blade resented such treatment, and came out. Anyhow he fell on my head, and we commenced a mad career down the way we had ascended, rather rolling than falling, striking our heads and backs against the rocks, and apparently destined for the stony valley upon which we had looked down between our legs for hours. People who have escaped drowning say that, in what was their struggle for life, their minds travelled back over their whole history. I know that my brain at this moment suddenly acquired an unusual strength. In a few seconds we were safe, but in those seconds there was time for centuries of regret. There was no fear; that was to come later. But I felt vividly that I was present as a spectator of my own suicide, and thought myself a feeble kind of fool. Had it been on the Dru or the Meije, I thought, it might have been worth it, but, half-drowned, to plunge a poor forty feet over the next pitch on a hill not 3,000 feet high, with a carriage road in sight, and a girl driving in the cows for milking in Nant Francon! And at the same time there came back a curious scrap from 'Richard III.,' learnt at my private school and never apprehended—

‘Lord, Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown,
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!’

We did not roll far, and stuck between the walls of the gully, where they narrowed. Then I arose and shook myself, unhurt. My companion made me light his pipe, which cheered me very much, and we each partook of an enormous mutton sandwich. Help was near, for another party of three was climbing in the next gully, and came to our shouts; one ran down to the farm for a hurdle, the rest began the descent. For hours we seemed to toil, for my companion, though with admirable fortitude he supported the pain of movement, had temporarily no power over his legs and the lower part of his body. I could do little, but the

others worked like blacks, and just at dark we reached the farm, and the ministrations of a Welsh doctor, who told my friend, quite erroneously, that there was nothing the matter with him, pointed out a swelling on my face as big as a pigeon's egg, which, he said, would probably lead to erysipelas, and then departed into the darkness.

A fall on ice has something in it more relentless, though, until the last catastrophe, less violent. We had all been victims to the fleshpots of the valley, and were perhaps hardly fit for a long ice slope when we began to cut up the last few feet to gain the *arête* of our mountain. The incline seemed to me very steep, and, third on the rope, I was watching the leader at his labours, half pitying him for his exertions, half envying him his immunity from the ice fragments which he was sending down to me. Below me the fourth man had barely left the great flat rock on which we had breakfasted; there was no reason to think of danger; when to my horror I saw the leader cut a step, put out his foot slowly, and then very slowly and deliberately sway over and fall forwards and downwards against the ice. We were in a diagonal line, but almost immediately beneath one another, and he swung quietly round like a pendulum, his axe holding him to the slope, until he was immediately beneath the second man. Very slowly, as it seemed, the rope grew taut; the weight began to tug at his waist; and then he, too, slowly and reflectively in the most correct mountaineering attitude, as though he were embarking upon a well-considered journey, began to slide. Now was the time for me to put into practice years of patient training. I dug my toes in and stiffened my back, anchored myself to the ice, and waited for the strain. It was an unconscionable time coming, and, when it came I still had time to think that I could bear it. Then the weight of twenty-seven stone in a remorseless way quietly pulled me from my standpoint, as though my resistance were an impudence. Still, like the others, I held my axe against the ice and struggled like a cat on a polished floor, always seeing the big flat rock, and thinking of the bump with which we should bound from it and begin our real career through the air; when suddenly the bump came and we all fell together in a heap on to the rock and the fourth man, who had stepped back upon it, my crampons running into his leg, and my axe, released from the pressure, going off through the air on the very journey which I had anticipated for us all. The others were for a fresh attack on the malicious

mountain; but I was of milder mood, and very soon, torn and wiser, we were off on a slower but more convenient path to the valley than had seemed destined for us a few minutes before. But our cup was not yet full. Having no axe with which to check a slip, I was placed at the head of the line, and led slowly down, floundering a good deal for want of my usual support. The great couloir was seamed across with a gigantic crevasse, the angle of the slope being so sharp that the upper half overhung, and we had only crossed in the morning by standing on the lower lip, cutting handholes in the upper, and shoving up the leader from the shoulder of the second man : hence, in descending, our position was similar to that of a man on the mantelshelf who should wish to climb down into the fire itself. We chose the obvious alternative of a jump to the curb, which was, I suppose, about fifteen feet below us and made of steep ice with a deep and deceptive covering of snow. I jumped and slid away with this covering, to be arrested in my course by a rude jerk. I turned round indignant; but my companions were beyond my reproaches. One by one, full of snow, eloquent, and bruised, they issued slowly from the crevasse into which I had hurled them, and, heedless of the humour of the situation, gloomily urged me downwards.

Some hours still passed before we reached our friendly Italian hut, left some days before for a raid into Swiss territory; there on the table were our provisions and shirts as we had left them, and a solemn array of bottles full of milk carried up during our absence by our shepherd friends; and there, on the pile, in stinging comment on our late proceedings, lay a slip of paper, the tribute of some Italian tourist, bearing the inscription 'Omaggio ai bravi Inglesi ignoti.' We felt very much ashamed.

When the soup has been eaten and the pipes are lighted, and you sit down outside your hut for the last talk before bed, you will find your guides' tongues suddenly acquire a new eloquence, and, if you are a novice at the craft, will be almost overwhelmed by the catalogue of misfortune which they will repeat to you. And so, too, upon us in the winter months comes the temptation to dwell on things done long ago and ill done, and, as we write of the sport for others, we give a false impression of peril and hardihood in things that were little more than matter for a moment's laughter. I too must plead guilty to a well-meant desire to make your flesh creep.

Mountaineering by skilled mountaineers is about as dangerous

as hunting in a fair country, and requires about as much pluck as to cross from the Temple to the Law Courts at midday. Difficult mountaineering is for the unskilled about as dangerous as riding a vicious horse in a steeplechase for a man who has never learnt to ride. But the tendency in those who speak or write of it for the outer world who are not mountaineers is to conceal a deficiency of charm of style by an attempt to slog in the melodramatic, and I plead guilty at once.

So we think and write as though to us our passion for the hills were a fancy of the summer, a mere flirtation. Yet no one has lost the first bloom of his delight in Alpine adventure before the element of sternness has come to mar his memory and bind more closely his affections. You find the mildly Horatian presence of death somewhere near you, and that at a moment when, whatever your age and strength, and whatever your infirmities, you are at the full burst of youth; when Nature has been kindest she has been most capricious, and has flaunted her relentless savagery just when she has bent to kiss you. The weirdest rocks rise from Italian gardens, and the forms of hill seem oldest when you are most exultant—immortal age beside immortal youth. Yet it is not this, 'the sense of tears,' in things which are not mortal which must mark your Alpine paths with memories as heavy and as definite as those inscriptions which tell of obscure and sudden death on every hillside, and invite your prayers for the woodcutter and the shepherd. You too will have seen friends go out into the morning whom you have never welcomed home. There is a danger, sometimes encountered recklessly, sometimes ignorantly, but sometimes—hard as it may be to understand the mood—not in the mere spirit of the idle youth, but met with and overcome, or overcoming, in a resolution which knows no pleasure in conquest save when the essay is fierce, and is calmly willing to pay the penalty of failure. While for ourselves we enjoy the struggle none the less because we have taken every care that we shall win, they freely give all; and for such there is surely no law. While by every precept and example we impress the old rules of the craft on our companions and our successors, how can we find words of blame for those who have at least paid the extreme forfeit, and found 'the sleep that is among the lonely hills'?

The penalty for failure is death; not always exacted at the first slip, for Nature is merciful and oftentimes doth relent; but

surely waiting for those who scorn the experience of others and slight her majesty in wilfulness, in ignorance, in the obstinate following of a fancy, in the vain pursuit of notoriety. The rules are known, and those who break them, and by precept and example tempt to break them those whom they should teach, wrong the sport which they profess to love.

In this game as in any other, it should be a point of honour for us not to make the sport more difficult for others, and not to bring unnecessary sorrow upon the peasants, who help us to play it, and upon their families. It should be a point of honour to play the game, and, if disaster comes in playing it, we have, at least, done our best.

FRANCIS CONNELL.

THE FRENCH PRESS.

DE TOCQUEVILLE once said of the newspaper in his own country: 'Its power is certainly much greater in France than in the United States.' Like most generalisations, this one would seem to have been reared upon an insufficient number of instances, although at the time when De Tocqueville penned this appreciation all France was still ringing with the din of the often scurrilous, inevitably blatant, but frequently effectively *spirituelle*, utterances of the polemical writers of the Revolution; whereas in America there were probably not a score of serious journalists, and not a half-dozen capable of continuing the influence of the 'Federalist.' Moreover, in defence of De Tocqueville's opinion it should not be forgotten that the greater sensibility of Frenchmen, their accessibility to ideas, their quick-wittedness, and their liking for verbal formulas, their imitative and psittacist gifts in a word, have always rendered the power of the journalist among them one singularly to be dreaded, not merely by the individual but by the State: so that if it was ever true, as it will be the object of this article to show that in many respects it has been true, that the journalists in France represent what may be called the *quatrième état*, this is due quite as much to the peculiarity of French social and political organisation, and to the fact of the newspaper's appeal to a more credulous and tractable people, as to the real professional superiority of French writers.

The factor of the social and political organisation is a constant one, and one of such high significance that there can be no doubt that it is owing often to the failure to keep it well in view that so many precipitate judgments are expressed outside of France as to the nature, the aims, and the value of the French press. From Beaumarchais to M. Rochefort, and from Paul Louis Courier and Veuillot to M. Drumont, Paris has been the happy hunting-ground of the pamphleteer, and the *ἔπαι πτερόεντα* of these polemicists, crackling with imprecation or personality, have flitted beyond the frontiers, carrying with them not merely the proof of the literary gifts of these writers, but also, almost inevitably, an impression too quickly utilised by Englishmen all over the world to confirm them in their pride in the possession of a soberer or

more dignified press, and to verify that other generalisation, as false as it is true, that 'a people has the press that it deserves.'

What has always been obvious, and what is no less evident to-day, is that the French press, studied in such representatives as we have named, is a press which, by English standards, is one of licence and not of liberty. But this sort of statement carries us nowhither; the question of licence and of liberty, like the questions of democracy or of representative government, not being matters for application as absolute laws true in all cases, or of experimental demonstration in a laboratory, as Rousseau, legislating for the ideal man, would have had us believe, but matters so unremittingly, matters so tragically, relative, that what is liberty in one country is not by any means necessarily liberty in another. It is not, therefore, very luminous, nor very suggestive, in thinking of France in comparison with England, to say that the French press is just the sort of press which France deserves, for there are points of view from which the demonstration would be easy, that it is just that liberty which runs to licence which is the best form of social safety-valve in so vast, so complicated, and so beautifully organic a machine as is the French state and nation.

No people in the world has been so long and so consecutively co-ordinating its various functions. In spite of the French Revolution, France has resumed, since the commanding intervention of Napoleon, its steady organic existence of a highly developed, marvellously centralised community according to the Latin ideals of order and intersubordination. *Raison d'Etat* is not a French invention, but the ideas and state of things to which it corresponds are more characteristically French than those individual eccentric aspirations of emancipation from the condition of *fonctionnaire*—another peculiarly French word for a very un-Saxon and a very Gallic thing—summed up in the other phrase, *les droits de l'homme*, which, to foreigners, owing to the chronic surface changes in French political life, has always seemed to describe the dreams of a race superficially supposed to be constitutionally fidgety.

Now, if this be true—if Frenchmen as a whole are conservative rather than revolutionary; if the machine of government and of social order has been made to run in spite of appearances with so little friction and so little real wear and tear; if every Frenchman, whose visiting cards bear his marks of servitude, or place in the

vast, admirable organisation, has but one dream, namely to form a part of, to play a *rôle* in, the machine—one can understand, better than Europe or America seemed to understand these truths during the Dreyfus case, the greater utility in France of an outspoken, disrespectful press, carrying personal revelations sometimes to the precipitous edge of libel, than in a country or communities where no such theories of organised society have been realised, where individual rights are paramount, where justice sacrifices, if possible, the State to the individual, and where the natural expansiveness of each citizen is as little as possible restrained by his obligations as a member of the great whole. The French press, in those examples of it which most shock the foreigner, accustomed to a violence more tempered and less personal, is often, even when most impudent in its attacks upon public men, fulfilling a real public service in exploding bubble reputations and in abolishing abuses. But for it, that gangrene which is so readily propagated in compact tissues might spread rapidly to the entire organism. The state of things, for instance, revealed by the famous Panama scandals was, long before it was revealed, a menace to the well-being of all France, and the reactionary opposition in recklessly tearing the veil from the body-politic rendered, whatever its motives, a positive service which, in a community less organically centralised, like that of England or America for instance, no one need have given himself the trouble to have rendered at all. So, likewise, in that famous episode of the Dreyfus affair, journalists in quite another corner of the political world indulged in extravagances of language to secure the liberation of an innocent man and to castigate the party of the representatives of *raison d'état*, which would not have been required in any community where the several parts were less inextricably and admirably bound up together. Even to attract attention, in a country like France, it is necessary to raise the voice. The revelation of a 'scandal' is often enough solely the affirmation of a crying abuse which only such violent means can cure. What, therefore, was meant by calling the French press, and this press, indeed, more than any other, a safety-valve must now be clear. Liberty in France is frequently at the price of license.

These somewhat philosophic remarks, in explanation of the violent personalities and the scandalmongering accurately believed to characterise a large portion of the press in France, are not

meant to justify the grosser excesses—which only a good libel law can check—indulged in apparently from sheer wantonness or by a phenomenon of moral inertia, the pens once set agoing so precipitately being unable, apparently, to stop. The initial impulses determining the direction of the ‘campaigns’ in which these writers indulge are often enough, if one were to inquire too curiously, not by any means such as in themselves to justify the results. We have many and many a time seen, apart from the long-protracted hostility manifested towards England by so many of the most popular journalists, similar demonstrations of ill-will towards other nations, attesting the quite extraordinary power of this press for good or for evil. No one in England, perhaps, can easily understand the facility with which a wave of friendly or hostile sentiment can be propagated across the length and breadth of French soil at the nod or breath of some Neptune of the Paris press. In England, for instance, there exists no such organ of popular appeal as the ‘Petit Journal.’ Yet long before the days of Fashoda it sufficed for an ambassador hostile to England to make his influence felt in this and other organs for that chronic and latent secular misunderstanding between France and England to be revived in its most menacing form. Instantly every member of the lower middle-class in three-quarters of the villages of France was offered daily plausible reasons for detesting England. Exactly in the same way, in the days of M. Crispi, before the subtle and useful influence of Count Tornielli, backed by that of the French ambassador in Rome, made itself felt both at the French Foreign Office and in French society, it sufficed for a single journalist, now dead, to indulge daily in that amusement of pin-pricking, peculiar to Lilliputian minds, for France and Italy to glare at each other across the Gulf of Lyons with the very glint of vendetta passion in their eyes. In both of these cases the opinion of France was positively determined by artificial pressure. It was a phenomenon like that of suggestion upon an impressionable nature. And if, during a period of two weeks these writers, who subserved thus their own private ends, had suddenly interrupted their campaign, subsequently undertaking one diametrically the opposite, insulting those whom they had acclaimed and complimenting those whom they had systematically traduced, it is absolutely certain that their readers would have been thrown automatically into a state of mind just the contrary of that against which England and Italy had so much reason to complain. This is a

phenomenon, of course, imitable, more or less, in any country in the world among those members of society who read only one newspaper, and whose field of consciousness, as the psychologists say, is limited. But it is singularly true in France, where the journalist is a writer, in spite of the aphorism of Emile de Girardin, *le style gâterait le journal*, a remark, by the way, which exasperated another great journalist, Théophile Gautier.

The French journalist is almost always an artist in the arrangement of his thought. In many cases his utterances assume a persuasive, because a rhetorical, form. So only he 'make his point,' according to the laws of persuasive eloquence or special pleading, he cares not, apparently, what may be the substance of his utterance. And, if this be so, it is because his readers have the cult less of the fact than of the form. A thing well said, an article well composed—for the same reason that when a M. Jaurès or a Comte de Mun is at the tribune of the French Chamber, all parties, whatever their opinion, flock back to their seats—make the success of a writer or a journal. Nor does the Frenchman experience the need of making more than one point, or at most two, because his audience, the most positive audience in the world, see with extraordinary precision of mental vision the two or three ideas which they have inherited, or formed, during their several careers as members of the great machine; and the introduction of all those shadings and reservations which the pure argumentative research for the truth exacts, would be to clutter their mind with unassimilable matter.

The Frenchman, therefore, who may be said to attain unto clearness by defect of vision—who, that is, sees with extraordinary accuracy the one or two ideas to which he clings—finds himself, owing to his *doctrinaire* and logical temperament, creating, quite as much as the journalist panders to and cultivates the temperament of his reader, a whole host of organs modelled, not like the American newspaper, which tends to be merely a dépôt of trivial and unco-ordinated 'news,' nor like the English journal, a carefully controlled medium of publicity for the historical fact, whatever its nature, but modelled on what may be called the theory of a limited-liability self-admiration society.

Each several newspaper in France has thus been almost always the organ of a set. For long years, for instance, the 'Figaro' appealed to the prejudices of the aristocracy and the upper middle-class. This was an accident of internal organisation that followed

hard upon its existence for almost as long a period as a sort of less pornographic 'Gil Blas.' During the Dreyfus affair it lost a large portion of its readers owing to its defence of the Captain, and thus ever since has been seeking, like a revolving mirror, the machinery of which is a little out of order, to discover what set or class it really can most advantageously reflect. The 'Libre Parole' is simply and solely the mouthpiece of the high priests of anti-Semitism, distorting, by the particular prism through which the admirers of M. Drumont view all contemporary facts, every element of information which it admits to its columns. The 'Aurore' makes a definite appeal to the hatreds and the jealousies of that portion of French society which is not *fonctionnaire*, not a part of the machine, which, in a word, as being quite 'out of it,' exaggerates, as might have been expected, that theory of the 'rights of man' which, by an error of perspective that I have noted at the start, is wrongfully supposed, outside of France, to be the one characteristic of the French temperament. The 'Gazette de France,' the most venerable journal in Paris, is the ironic organ of all the reactionary lost causes which have ever rallied individual activities on French soil. It represents 'Divine Right,' and from a remote vantage-ground, securing for it a useful detachment, judges men and things with a freedom and independence that render its perusal not merely engaging but instructive. And so I might go on, illustrating from nine-tenths of contemporary journals in this country—characterising, for instance, M. Paul de Cassagnac's 'Autorité,' the 'Siècle' of M. Yves Guyot, the reckless 'Intransigeant' of M. Rochefort, &c.—the curious tendency of all French newspapers to become the specialised organs of a very definite little body of doctrine, the morning resurrection of a special and limited point of view, a startling document, in a word, as to the nature of the French temperament, understood in the way in which I have been attempting to analyse it.

But the interesting thing is that the majority of the papers which make the most stir abroad, and are, no doubt, the most characteristic, are far from being the most important from the point of view of journalism considered purely and simply in itself. It is just because sensational correspondents, no more conscientious than their French contemporaries, or insufficiently acquainted with the relative value of newspapers in France report indiscriminately the most heedless comments from

the newspapers of this class, that generalisations so inaccurate as to French journalism are so readily made abroad. For, in this rapid survey, any reader who has the slightest acquaintance with the best that is thought and said in France, will have noted the omission of such well-known organs as the 'Temps,' the 'Matin,' the 'Journal des Débats,' or the 'Univers.' Of none of these papers could it be said, any more accurately than of the 'Times,' or the 'Daily Telegraph,' or the 'Standard,' that it reflects merely the prejudices of a set. By this I do not mean that on this or that important subject the bias of their prejudices does not become odiously apparent, as for instance it all along has been of late in their comments upon the Transvaal War. My meaning is that, taken generally, in comparison with the self-assertive organs of a special class of readers, whose whole theory of journalism is being provided daily solely with such matter as they have been accustomed to digest, they mark a drift away from the traditional, more characteristic French newspaper, and show unmistakably, while revealing the presence of a host of broader-minded Frenchmen, the influence at once of the American and of the English ideals.

The sense of the need of accurately informing the readers is growing in France at the expense of the admirable traditional qualities which once made all French journals good reading, and which still keeps the French press the most literary press in the world. The desire first and foremost to get at the fact, rather than to produce brilliant 'copy,' has during the last decade been creating a veritable revolution in French journalism. We had the most signal proof of this when the 'Matin,' at a considerable pecuniary sacrifice, for the first time in the whole history of French newspaper organisation, made special arrangements with the 'Times,' sending to London M. Stéphane Lauzanne to provide its readers with such of the latest information concentrated at Printing-House Square as could interest Paris. By this initiative it shattered the protective monopoly of the Havas Agency and spurred its contemporaries to imitate it. Two great daily newspapers, the 'Echo de Paris' and the 'Journal,' sent correspondents to London, and English facts and English opinion are now constantly reported in their columns as elaborately, and on the whole as accurately, as is Parisian life in the English newspapers. Before this revolution, what average Frenchmen knew of England was obtained from but two sources, namely the malicious articles

of a newspaper called 'La Patrie,' inspired by Fenianism, or the admirable information collected by the very competent writers of the 'Temps' and the 'Débats.' For long years the latter journals have possessed in the persons of three or four of the members of their staffs some of the most brilliant publicists in the world, whose competence in English matters may be said almost to out-strip that of writers on the editorial staff of the English press. Some of these men, like M. Edmond de Pressensé, M. Francis Charmes, now the political writer of the 'Revue des Deux-Mondes,' M. Abel Chevalley, and M. Alcide Ebray, not infrequently astonish even Englishmen by the richness of their acquaintance with English facts, and rarely, until the Transvaal question had for a moment seemed to distort their judgment, offended them by immoderate criticism. These writers still hold their own, but the revolution to which I have alluded as tending to differentiate other French organs from the class of the limited self-advertising journal is, happily, slowly but surely diminishing the importance of the rôle which it has been their honour to play in the cultivation of international comity. The very journal to which I have just alluded, the 'Echo de Paris,' as having opened the floodgates to a whole stream of facts to which not three months ago it would never have lifted its dykes, offers to-day, in spite of its 'Nationalistic' Anglophobia, antidotes in its own columns to the poison which it still thinks itself obliged to dispense to its readers.

'Nationalism' and Anglophobia in France go hand in hand, but only provisionally so. The error of Englishmen has been immense in taking recent demonstrations of ill-will too absolutely; they are phenomena purely relative. Opposition organs in France are Anglophobe in proportion as the official world is friendly and correct. The device of all such papers is 'anything to *embêter* the Government.' If, suddenly, the pontiffs of the 'Patrie Française,' which is an organisation almost overtly directed against the Republic, fancied that the choice of some other Turk's head than that of John Bull would better serve their ends, would more effectively annoy the Government, we should see in a night the tone of their organs evidence a conversion in which insult would give place to amenity. Englishmen accustomed to taking words for what they really mean have certainly exaggerated, owing to the complicity of some of their professional purveyors of information, the rooted hostility of Frenchmen as a whole. Fashoda explains, no doubt, to a large degree the insults of a portion of the

French press, although another element is the attitude of England throughout the Dreyfus affair, and these causes are undoubtedly sufficient to account for the reciprocal expressions of ill-will without invoking any general ideas as to the secular misunderstanding between France and England, systematically cultivated in England by some of her writers and politicians, and in France by the national historian Michelet, who calls England the 'hereditary enemy,' or lending too superstitious a credulity to the charges of venality made against a certain portion of the French press in response to the seductions of Dr. Leyds.

The attitude of the French press towards Germany was bound to become altered as years went by, but this attitude was necessarily more rapidly fixed by the change of feeling which I have been analysing, between France and England. And here we see once more the proof of that trait of the French mind inherent in the very clearness with which it holds at any given moment to its one or two ideas. It may confidently be said at present that, as a whole, the French are more amiably disposed towards Germany than towards England, and this in spite of M. Déroulède; and the signs of this transformation are to be seen in the whole 'Nationalistic' press, where the proof of French incapacity to hate two nations at once (if they hated in the past Italy and Germany together, it was because these two Powers appealed to their imagination as the factors in an iron-bound unit, the Triple Alliance) was flagrantly and amusingly illustrated. More amusing still is the fact which goes to prove the other point I have been making, namely that 'Nationalism' is a phenomenon that should remain of purely domestic interest and go unheeded by foreigners, its sole meaning being the desire to put spokes in the Government wheels: the fact, to wit, that the 'Nationalists' have not hesitated to compromise the Franco-Russian Alliance by ridiculous exercises of assault and battery upon the Minister of War, General André, whom they would convince the country to be a *persona ingrata* in military circles in Russia. This incident should be taken in England as the touchstone of 'Nationalist' sincerity—in spite of the positive causes for ill-feeling—in the attacks upon England.

In general, what I would make clear is this: the French press is becoming more and more worthy of the mission of any press, namely the accurate information of its readers. And this I say, in spite of the vitiating rôle of what in French journalism is known as *la réclame*, or paid puff, so chameleonic in its nature,

which renders the French press to-day, as M. George Fonsegrive, in his articles on 'How to Read the Newspapers,' in the *Quinzaine*, has shown, a veritable slave, while apparently enjoying the largest liberty.¹ A revolution now at its height is rapidly transforming its narrow sectarianism, and rendering less and less baneful the powerful and admirable talents of those of its writers whose most eloquent paradoxes in the past necessarily germed in minds unfertilised by any other influence. This change is being made without any appreciable loss in the quality of the literary style of its writers; and while it is not very illuminating to say that France has the press that it deserves, it is, for reasons already sufficiently given, certain that the French press is admirably suited to the conditions of French social and political life, and is the most satisfactory of documents for the historic psychologist, curious as to the French temperament.

¹ I earnestly recommend any reader, eager to complete his inquiries as to the characteristics of the French press, to procure the numbers of this Review of December 16, 1900, and February 16, 1901, where he will find analysed, with a probity and competence that are exceptional, and with a detail which the limits of my article have interdicted, the internal organisation of this press.

THE TALE OF THE GREAT MUTINY.¹

BY THE REV. W. H. FITCHETT,

AUTHOR OF 'DEEDS THAT WON THE EMPIRE.'

VIII. LUCKNOW AND SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.

HAVELOCK fought his way through blood and fire into the Residency, but he shrank from leading a great procession of women and children and wounded men along that *via dolorosa*—that pathway of blood—by which, at so grim a cost, he had himself reached the beleaguered garrison. The Residency, it was clear, must be held, since the great company of helpless women and children it sheltered could not be carried off. So what Havelock and Outram really accomplished was not so much a Relief as a Reinforcement.

Outram assumed the command, and for six weeks the greatly strengthened garrison held its own with comparative ease against the revolted swarms, reckoned—uncertainly—at no less than 60,000 strong, who still maintained a sullen blockade of the Residency.

Early in November reinforcements were pouring in from England, and a new actor appeared on the scene. The crisis of the Mutiny called to the post of commander-in-chief in India the best soldier Great Britain possessed. Colin Campbell was not, perhaps, a great general, in the sense in which Sir John Moore, or Wellington, or Sir Charles Napier was a general. But he was a tough, hard-fighting, much-experienced soldier, with that combination of wariness and fire which marks the Scotch genius for battle. What he did not know of the details of a soldier's business might almost be described as not worth knowing. He had served his apprenticeship to war in the perils and hardships of Moore's retreat to Corunna. A list of the battles and sieges in which he took part would cover almost the entire military history of Great Britain between Corunna and the Crimea. His cool skill and daring as a soldier are picturesquely illustrated by the famous 'thin red line' incident at Balaclava; where, disdaining to throw his troops into square, he received a charge of Russian cavalry on a thin extended front, and smote the assailing squadrons into fragments with a single blast of musketry.

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Colin Campbell was sixty-five years of age, and regarded his military career as over; but on July 11, when the news of General Anson's death reached England, Lord Panmure offered Campbell the chief command in India, and with characteristic promptitude the Scottish veteran offered to start for India the same afternoon! Campbell landed at Calcutta on August 13, spent some weeks there in 'organising victory'—or, rather, in reorganising the whole shattered military system of the Presidency—and on October 27 hurried to the seat of war. He reached Cawnpore on November 3, and on the 9th set out to relieve Lucknow. 'Our friends in Lucknow,' he wrote to his sister, 'have food only for five or six days.' This was the mistake that cost the lives of many brave men. Lawrence had provisioned the Residency better than was imagined. But the delusion of imminent starvation, which made Havelock fight his way at such desperate speed and cost into Lucknow, still prevailed, and governed British strategy. Delhi had fallen by September 20—a story yet to be told—and part of its besieging force was thus available for a new march on Lucknow.

On the afternoon of November 11 Campbell reviewed the relieving force at Buntera. It was modest in numbers—counting only about 4,700 men. But war-hardened, and full of fiery yet disciplined daring, it was as efficient for all the purposes of battle as Napoleon's Old Guard or Wellington's famous Light Division. The cavalry brigade included two squadrons of the 9th Lancers, Hodson's Horse, and three squadrons of native cavalry. The Naval Brigade was under Peel, the third son of the great Prime Minister of England, one of the most daring yet gentle spirits that ever fought and died for England. Evelyn Wood, who served under him as midy in the Crimea, describes him as 'the bravest of the brave,' and yet 'an ideal English gentleman.' 'His dark brown wavy hair was carefully brushed back, disclosing a perfectly oval face, a high square forehead, and deep blue-grey eyes, which flashed when he was talking eagerly, as he often did.' The Artillery Brigade consisted of five batteries. The infantry was made up of detachments from the 4th, the 5th, the 23rd Fusileers, a wing of the 53rd, part of the 82nd, and the full strength of the 93rd Highlanders, with some Sikh regiments.

The 93rd was 1,000 strong, and 700 men in the ranks carried the Crimean medal on their breasts. It has been described as 'the most Scotch of all the Highland regiments,' and a strong religious—as well as a rich Celtic—strain ran through its ranks.

Forbes-Mitchell, indeed, who marched in its ranks, says the regiment constituted a sort of military Highland parish, ministers and elders complete. The elders were selected from among the men of all ranks, two sergeants, two corporals, and two privates. It had a regular service of communion plate, and the communion was administered to the whole regiment by its chaplain twice a year.

The 93rd was drawn up in quarter-distance column on the extreme left of the line as Colin Campbell rode down to review his forces that November afternoon. It was in full Highland costume, with kilts and bonnets and wind-blown plumes. Campbell's Celtic blood kindled when he reached the Highlanders. 'Ninety-third!' he said, 'you are my own lads; I rely on you to do the work.' And a voice from the ranks in broadest Doric answered, 'Ay, ay, Sir Colin, ye ken us and we ken you; we'll bring the women and children out of Lucknow or die wi' you in the attempt.' And then from the steady ranks of the Highlanders there broke a shout, sudden and deep and stern, the shout of valiant men—the men of the hardy North—pledging themselves to valiant deeds.

Here is the description given by an eye-witness of the little army, less than 5,000 strong, but of such magnificent fighting quality, down whose ranks Colin Campbell rode as the November sun was going down:—

'The field-guns from Delhi looked blackened and service-worn; but the horses were in good condition, and the harness in perfect repair; the gunners bronzed, stalwart, and in perfect fighting case. The 9th Lancers, with their gallant bearing, their flagless lances, and their lean but hardy horses, looked the perfection of regular cavalry on active service. Wild and bold was the bearing of the Sikh horsemen, clad in loose fawn-coloured dress, with long boots, blue or red turbans and sashes, and armed with carbine and tulwar. Next to them were the worn and wasted remains of the 8th and 75th Queen's, who, with wearied air, stood grouped under their colours. Then came the two regiments of Punjab infantry, tall of stature, with fierce eager eyes under their huge turbans—men swift in the march, forward in the fight, and eager for the pillage. On the left of the line, in massive serried ranks, a waving sea of plumes and tartan, stood the 93rd Highlanders, who with loud and rapturous cheers welcomed the veteran commander whom they knew so well and loved so warmly.'

On November 12 Campbell had reached the Alumbagh, and, halting there, decided on the line of his advance to the Residency. Instead of advancing direct on the city, and fighting his way through loopholed and narrow lanes, each one a mere valley of death, he proposed to swing round to the right, march in a wide curve through the open ground, and seize what was known as the

Dilkusha Park, a great enclosed garden, surrounded by a wall 20 ft. high, a little over two miles to the east of the Residency. Using this as his base, he would next move round to the north of the city, forcing his way through a series of strong posts, the most formidable of which were the Secundrabagh and the Shah Nujeeb, and so reach the Residency. And the story of the fighting at those two points makes up the tragedy and glory of the Relief of Lucknow.

Outram, of course, was not the man to lie inertly within his defences while Campbell was moving to his relief. He had already sent plans of the city and its approaches, with suggestions as to the best route, to Campbell by means of a spy, and he was prepared to break out on the line by which the relieving force was to advance. But if Campbell could be supplied with a guide, who knew the city as he knew the palm of his own hand, this would be an enormous advantage; and exactly such a guide at this moment presented himself. A civilian named Kavanagh offered to undertake this desperate mission.

Kavanagh was an Irishman, a clerk in one of the civil offices, and apparently possessed a hundred disqualifications for the business of making his way, disguised as a native, through the dark-faced hordes that kept sleepless watch round the Residency, and through the busy streets of Lucknow beyond. He was a big-limbed, fair man, with aggressively red hair, and uncompromisingly blue eyes! By what histrionic art could he be 'translated,' in Shakespeare's sense, into a spindle-shanked, narrow-shouldered, dusky-skinned Oude peasant? But Kavanagh was a man of quenchless courage, with a more than Irish delight in deeds of daring, and he had a perfect knowledge of native dialect and character. He has left a narrative of his adventure.

A spy had come in from Campbell, and was to return that night, and Kavanagh conceived the idea of going out with him and acting as guide to the relieving force. Outram hesitated to permit the attempt to be made, declaring it to be too dangerous; but Kavanagh's eagerness for the adventure prevailed. He hid the whole scheme from his wife, and, at half-past 7 o'clock that evening, when he entered Outram's headquarters he was so perfectly disguised that nobody recognised him. He had blackened his face, neck, and arms with lamp-black, mixed with a little oil. His red hair, which even lamp-black and oil could hardly subdue to a colder tint, was concealed beneath a huge turban. His dress

was that of a budmash, or irregular native soldier, with sword and shield, tight trousers, a yellow-coloured chintz sheet thrown over the shoulders, and a white cummerbund.

A little after 8 o'clock Kavanagh, with his native guide, crept to the bank of the Goomtee, which ran to the north of the Residency entrenchment. The river was a hundred yards wide, and between 4 ft. and 5 ft. deep. Both men stripped, crept down the bank, and slipped, as silently as otters, into the stream. Here for a moment, as Kavanagh in his narrative confesses, his courage failed him. The shadowy bank beyond the black river was held by some 60,000 merciless enemies. He had to pass through their camps and guards, and through miles of city streets beyond. If detected, he would certainly perish by torture. 'If my guide had been within my reach,' he says, 'I should perhaps have pulled him back and abandoned the enterprise.' But the guide was already vanishing, a sort of crouching shadow, into the blackness of the further bank; and, hardening his heart, Kavanagh stole on through the sliding gloom of the river.

Both men crept up a ditch that pierced the river-bank to a cluster of trees, and there dressed; and then, with his tulwar on his shoulder and the swagger of a budmash, Kavanagh went boldly forward with his guide. A matchlock man first met the adventurous pair and peered suspiciously at them from under his turban. Kavanagh in a loud voice volunteered the remark that 'the night was cold' and passed on. They had to cross the iron bridge which spanned the Goomtee, and the officer on guard challenged them lazily from the balcony of a two-storied house. Kavanagh himself hung back in the shade, while his guide went forward and told the story of how they belonged to a village some miles distant, and were going to the city from their homes.

They were allowed to pass, ran the gauntlet of many troops of Sepoys, re-crossed the Goomtee by what was called the stone bridge, and passed unsuspected along the principal street of Lucknow, jostling their way through the crowds, and so reached the open fields beyond the city. 'I had not been in green fields,' writes Kavanagh, 'for five months. Everything around us smelt sweet, and a carrot I took from the roadside was the most delicious thing I had ever tasted!' But it was difficult to find their way in the night. They wandered into the Dilkusha Park, and stumbled upon a battery of guns, which Kavanagh, to the terror of his guide, insisted upon inspecting.

They next blundered into the canal, but still wandered on, till they fell into the hands of a guard of 25 Sepoys, and Kavanagh's guide, in his terror, dropped in the dust of the road the letter he was carrying from Outram to Campbell. Kavanagh, however, kept his coolness, and after some parleying he and his guide were allowed to pass on. The much-enduring pair next found themselves entangled in a swamp, and, waist-deep in its slime and weeds, they struggled on for two hours, when they reached solid ground again. Kavanagh insisted on lying down to rest for a time. Next they crept between some Sepoy pickets which, with true native carelessness, had thrown out no sentries, and finally, just as the eastern sky was growing white with the coming day, the two adventurers heard the challenge, 'Who comes there?' from under the shadow of a great tree!

It was a British cavalry picket, and Kavanagh had soon the happiness of pouring into Sir Colin Campbell's ears the messages and information he brought, while a flag, hoisted at twelve o'clock on the summit of the Alumbagh, told Outram that his messenger had succeeded, and that both the garrison and the relieving force had now a common plan. It is difficult to imagine a higher example of human courage than that supplied by 'Lucknow Kavanagh,' as he was afterwards called, and never was the Victoria Cross better won.

On the afternoon of the 15th Campbell made an elaborate reconnaissance on his extreme left, and all night he thundered in that direction with his guns, and the enemy gathered in full strength on that line, persuaded that the British would advance on it. But by daybreak on the 16th Campbell was moving off, light-footed and swift, by his right, exactly where the enemy did not expect him! He had little over 3,000 bayonets in his force, but he was strong in artillery, counting in all 39 guns, six mortars, and two rocket tubes, and he hoped to smash by the weight of his fire every obstacle that stood in his path to the Residency. Yet, be it remembered, he was moving on the arc of a great fortified central position, held by a hostile force not less than 60,000 strong, or more than fifteen times more numerous than his own.

Blunt's guns and a company of the 53rd formed Campbell's advance-guard. They crossed the canal, followed for a mile the river-bank, and then swung sharply to the left by a road which ran parallel to the rear of the Secundrabagh. This was a great garden, 150 yards on each face, with walls twenty feet high, and

a circular bastion at each angle, and from its rear face, as the head of the British column came in sight, broke an angry tempest of musket-shot, a fire which, it must be remembered, smote the advancing British column on the flank. Cavalry and infantry were helpless in the narrow lane, and something like a 'jamb' took place. Blunt, however, an officer of great daring, with an enthusiastic belief that British guns could go anywhere and do anything, cut the knot of the difficulty. The bank of the lane was so steep that it seemed impossible that horses and guns could climb it, but Blunt, with cool decision, put the guns in motion, swung the horses' heads sharply round, and, with whip and spur and shout, his gunners drove the snorting, panting horses up the bank into the open space under the fire of the Secundrabagh.

Travers, with two of his 18-pounders, came stumbling and struggling up the steep bank after Blunt. The guns were swung round, and, within musket-shot distance of the crowded walls and under a tempest of bullets, they opened a breaching fire on the face of the Secundrabagh. The British infantry meanwhile, lying down under the bank of the lane, waited for the moment of assault. Forbes-Mitchell gives a very realistic picture of the march up the lane, and the waiting under the shelter of a low mud-wall while the breach was being made, through which they must charge. Campbell himself, before the men moved up, had given amusingly prosaic instructions as to how they were to fight. When they swept into the Secundrabagh they were to 'keep together in clusters of threes, and rely on nothing but the bayonet.' The central man of each group of three was to attack, and his comrades, right and left, guard him with their bayonets.

As the 93rd moved up the lane, Forbes-Mitchell relates how they saw sitting on the roadside a naked Hindu, with shaven head and face streaked with white and red paint, busy counting his rosary, and unmoved by the tumult of battle. A Highlander said to a young staff-officer who was just passing, 'I would like to try my bayonet on the hide of that painted scoundrel, sir; he looks a murderer.' 'Don't touch him,' answered the staff-officer, 'he is a harmless Hindu mendicant; it is the Mohammedans who are to blame for the horrors of the Mutiny.' Scarcely had he spoken the words when the Hindu stopped counting his beads, slipped his hand under the mat on which he sat, and, with a single movement; drew out a short bell-mouthed blunderbuss and fired into the unfortunate staff-officer's breast, killing him instantly, and

himself dying a moment afterwards, under the reddened bayonets of half a dozen furious Highlanders.

Sir Colin Campbell himself stood by the guns, watching the balls tearing away flakes from the stubborn bricks which formed their immense thickness. Every now and then he repressed the eagerness of the Highlanders or Sikhs, waiting to make their rush. 'Lie down, 93rd!' he said. 'Lie down! Every man of you is worth his weight in gold to England to-day.' For nearly three-quarters of an hour that strange scene lasted, the British guns battering the tough brick wall while, from hundreds of loopholes a tempest of bullets scourged the toiling gunners. Twice over the detachments at the guns had to be renewed before the breach could be made.

The crouching infantry meanwhile could hardly be restrained. A sergeant of the 53rd, a Welshman named Dobbin, called out, 'Let the infantry storm, Sir Colin! Let the two Thirds at them'—meaning the 53rd and 93rd—'and we'll soon make short work of the murdering villains.' Campbell, always good-tempered when the bullets were flying, recognised the man, and asked, 'Do you think the breach is wide enough, Dobbin?'

The three regiments waiting for the rush were the 53rd, the 93rd, and a Sikh regiment—the 4th Rifles; and suddenly they leaped up and joined in one eager dash at the slowly widening breach. Whether the signal to advance was given at all is doubtful, and which regiment led, and which brave soldier was first through the breach, are all equally doubtful points.

Malleson says the rush on the Secundrabagh was 'the most wonderful scene witnessed in the war.' No order was given; but suddenly the Sikhs and the Highlanders were seen racing for the breach at full speed, bonneted Highlander and brown-faced Sikh straining every nerve to reach it first. A Sikh of the 4th Rifles, he adds, outran the leading Highlander, leaped through the breach, and was shot dead as he sprang. An ensign of the 93rd, named Cooper, was a good second, and, leaping feet first through the hole like a gymnast, got safely through.

Hope Grant says that 'before the order was given a native Sikh officer started forward, sword in hand, followed by his men.' The 93rd determined not to let the Sikhs outcharge them, and instantly ran forward. The Sikhs had a few yards' start, but 'a sergeant of the 93rd, Sergeant-Major Murray, a fine active fellow, outstripped them, jumped through the opening like a harlequin,

and, as he landed on the other side, was shot through the breast and fell dead.' Archibald Forbes says the first man through the breach was an Irishman, Lance-Corporal Donnelly, of the 93rd, killed as he jumped through the breach; the second was a Sikh, the third a Scotchman, Sergeant-Major Murray, also killed. Who shall decide when there is such a conflict of testimony betwixt the very actors in the great scene!

Lord Roberts confirms Hope Grant in the statement that a Highlander was the first to reach the goal, and was shot dead as he reached the enclosure; and he adds one curiously pathetic detail. A drummer-boy of the 93rd, he says, 'must have been one of the first to pass that grim boundary between life and death; for when I got in I found him just inside the breach, lying on his back, quite dead, a pretty, innocent-looking, fair-haired lad, not more than fourteen years old.' What daring must have burned in that lad's Scottish blood when he thus took his place in the very van of the wild rush of veterans into the Secundrabagh!

Forbes-Mitchell, who actually took part in the charge, gives yet another account. The order to charge, he says, was given, and the Sikhs, who caught it first, leaped over the mud-wall, behind which they were lying, shouting their war-cry, and, led by their two British officers, ran eagerly towards the breach. Both their officers were shot before they had run many yards, and at that the Sikhs halted. 'As soon as Sir Colin saw them waver, he turned to the 93rd, and said, "Colonel Ewart, bring on the tartan! Let my own lads at them."' Before the command could be repeated, or the buglers had time to sound the advance, 'the whole seven companies like one man leaped over the wall with such a yell of pent-up rage as I never heard before nor since. It was not a cheer, but a concentrated yell of rage and ferocity, that made the echoes ring again; and it must have struck terror into the defenders, for they actually ceased firing, and we could see them through the breach rushing from the outside wall to take shelter in the two-storied building in the centre of the garden, the gate and doors of which they firmly barred.'

The Secundrabagh, it must be remembered, was held by four strong Sepoy regiments, numbering in all from 2,000 to 3,000 men, many of them veteran soldiers, wearing the medals they had won in British service, and they fought with desperate courage. The human jet of stormers through the gap in the wall was a

mere tiny squirt, but the main body of the 93rd blew in the lock of the great gate with their bullets, and came sweeping in.

Lord Roberts gives another version of this incident. The Sepoys, he says, were driven out of the earthwork which covered the gateway, and were swept back into the Secundrabagh, and the heavy doors of the great gateway were being hurriedly shut in the face of the stormers. A subahdar of the 4th Punjab Infantry reached the gate in time enough to thrust his left arm, on which was carried a shield, between the closing doors. His hand was slashed across by a tulwar from within, whereupon he drew it out, instantly thrusting in the other arm, when his right hand, in turn, was all but severed from the wrist! But he kept the gates from being shut, and in another minute the men of the 93rd, of the 53rd, and of the gallant Punjabee's own regiment went storming in.

The men of the 53rd tried, with success, another device. They lifted their caps on the tips of their bayonets to a line of iron-barred windows above their heads, and thus drew the fire of their defenders. Then they leaped up, tore away the bars, and, clambering on each other's shoulders, broke through. Forbes-Mitchell was the fifth or sixth man through the breach, and was immediately fired upon point-blank by a Sepoy lying in the grass half a dozen yards distant. The bullet struck the thick brass buckle on his belt, and such was the force of the blow that it tumbled him head over heels. Colonel Ewart came next to Forbes-Mitchell, who heard his colonel say, as he rushed passed him, 'Poor fellow! he is done for.' Ewart, a gallant Highlander, of commanding stature, played a great part in the struggle within the Secundrabagh. His bonnet was shot or struck off his head, and, bareheaded, amidst the push and sway and madness of the fight, he bore himself like a knight of old.

The fight within the walls of the Secundrabagh raged for nearly two hours, and the sounds that floated up from it as the Sepoys, 'fighting like devils'—to quote an actor in the scene,—were driven from floor to floor of the building, or across the green turf of the garden, were appalling. The fighting passion amongst the combatants often took queer shapes. Thus one man, known amongst the 93rd as 'the Quaker,' from his great quietness, charged into the Secundrabagh like a kilted and male Fury, and, according to Forbes-Mitchell, quoting a verse of the Scottish psalm with every thrust of his bayonet or shot from his rifle:—

'I'll of salvation take the cup,
On God's name will I call;
I'll pay my vows now to the Lord
Before His people all.'

Scottish psalm, punctuated with bayonet thrusts: this surely is the strangest battle-hymn ever heard!

Ewart found that two native officers had carried the regimental flag into a narrow and dark room, and were defending themselves like wild cats. Ewart leaped single-handed into the room, and captured the colours, slaying both officers. The fight within the Secundrabagh was by this time practically over, and Ewart ran outside, and bareheaded, with blood-stained uniform and smoke-blackened face, ran up to Sir Colin as he sat on his grey horse, and cried, 'We are in possession, sir! I have killed the last two of the enemy with my own hand, and here is one of their colours.' 'D—— your colours, sir!' was the wrathful response of Sir Colin. 'It's not your place to be taking colours. Go back to your regiment this instant, sir.' Sir Colin had a Celtic shortness of temper; the strain of waiting while the madness of the fight raged within the great walls had told on his nerves. He was eager to get his 93rd into regimental shape again; and, as Forbes-Mitchell argues, believed, from his appearance and bearing, that Ewart was drunk! So he was: but it was with the passion of battle!

The officers of Sir Colin's staff read Ewart's condition more truly, and as this ragged, blood-stained figure, carrying the captured flag, came running out from the furnace of the great fight, they cheered vehemently. Later in the day Sir Colin himself apologised to Ewart for his brusqueness.

In the whole record of war there are not many scenes of slaughter to be compared with that which took place within the walls of the Secundrabagh. The 53rd held the north side of the great quadrangle, the Sikhs and the 93rd the east side, and a mixed force, composed of several regiments, held the south; on the west there was no escape. The great mass of Sepoys in the centre of the quadrangle was thus pelted with lead and fire from the three fronts. 'We fired volley after volley into the dense multitude,' says Jones-Parry, 'until nothing was left but a moving mass, like mites in a cheese!'

Of the 2,000 or 2,500 Sepoys who formed the garrison of the Secundrabagh not one man escaped. Its whole area, when the fight was over, was red with blood and strewn with the bodies of

slain men. Four whole regiments of mutineers were simply blotted out. Many of the slain Sepoys wore Punjab medals on their breasts; many, too, were found to have leave certificates, signed by former commanding officers, in their pockets, showing they had been on leave when the regiment mutinied, and had rejoined their regiment to fight against the British. The walls of the Secundrabagh still stand, a long, low mound along one side showing where the great company of slain Sepoys were buried. What other patch of the earth's surface, of equal size, has ever witnessed more of human valour and of human despair than those few square yards of turf that lie within the shot-battered walls of this ancient Indian pleasure-garden!

The British losses, curiously enough, were comparatively light, except amongst the officers. The 93rd had nine officers killed and wounded. The 4th Punjab infantry went into the fight with four British officers; two were killed, one was desperately wounded, and the regiment was brought out of the fight by the sole surviving officer, Lieut. Willoughby, himself only a lad. He was recommended for the V. C., but did not live to wear that much-coveted decoration, as he was slain in fight shortly afterwards.

But the strongest post held by the rebels in the track along which the British were moving towards the Residency was the Shah Nujeef, a great and massively-built mosque, girdled with a high loopholed wall, and screened by trees and enclosures of various kinds. Campbell brought up Peel, with his Naval Brigade, to make a breach in the massive walls of the Shah Nujeef, and that gallant sailor ran his guns up to within twenty yards of the loopholed walls of the great mosque, and, swinging them round, opened fire, while the gunners were shot down in quick succession as they toiled to load and discharge their pieces. 'It was an action,' said Sir Colin in his despatch afterwards, 'almost unexampled in war.' Peel, in a word, behaved very much as if he were laying the 'Shannon' alongside an enemy's frigate!

As the men ran up their guns to the walls of the Shah Nujeef, Forbes-Mitchell says he saw a sailor lad, just in front of him, who had his leg carried clean off by a round shot, which struck him above the knee. 'He sat bolt upright on the grass, with the blood spouting from the stump of his leg like water from the hose of a fire-engine, and shouted, "Here goes a shilling a day, a shilling a day! Remember Cawnpore, 93rd; remember Cawnpore! Go at them, my hearties;" and then sank down and died.

But the defence of the Shah Nujeef was stubborn, and for three hours Peel worked his guns under a double cross-fire, and still his 18-pounders failed to pierce the solid walls of the great mosque. The 93rd were brought up, and, lying down under what shelter they could secure, tried to keep down the musketry fire from the walls, and many of them were shot down by bullets or arrows from the summit of the mosque. The external masonry had flaked off, leaving a rough, irregular face, up which an active cat might possibly have scrambled; and at this a battalion of detachments—in which clusters from a dozen regiments were combined—under the command of Major Branston, was launched. The men ran forward with the utmost daring, but the wall was twenty feet high; there were no scaling-ladders. It was impossible to climb the broken face of the masonry. Branston fell, shot, and his second in command, the present Lord Wolseley, kept up the attack, making desperate attempts to escalate.

A tree stood at an angle of the Shah Nujeef, close to the wall, and giving the chance of firing over it. Peel offered the Victoria Cross to any of his men who would climb it. Two lieutenants and a leading seaman named Harrison in a moment, with seaman-like activity, clambered up the tree, and opened a deadly fire on the enemy. Each man of the three was in turn shot, but not till they had accomplished the task they had undertaken.

Nightfall was coming on. It was impossible to turn back; it seemed equally impossible to carry the Shah Nujeef. Peel's guns, firing for nearly three hours at point-blank range, had failed to tear the stubborn masonry to pieces. The answering fire, both of cannon and musketry, from either flank, which covered the face of the great mosque being assailed, grew heavier every moment. Campbell then called upon the 93rd, and told them he would lead them himself, as the place must be carried. The lives of the women and children inside the Residency were at stake. A dozen voices from the ranks called out that 'they would carry the place, right enough,' but Sir Colin must not expose his own life. 'We can lead ourselves,' cried one after another. Whether even the 93rd could have clambered over the lofty and unbroken walls of the Shah Nujeef may be doubted, but at this moment the wit and daring of a Scotch soldier saved the situation.

There are conflicting versions of the incident, but Forbes-Mitchell shall tell the story:—

'Just at that moment Sergeant John Paton, of my company, came running down the ravine at the moment the battalion of detachments had been ordered to storm. He had discovered a breach in the north-east corner of the rampart, next to the River Goomtee. It appears that our shot and shell had gone over the first breach, and had blown out the wall on the other side in this particular spot. Paton told how he had climbed up to the top of the ramparts without difficulty, and seen right inside the place, as the whole defending force had been called forward to repulse the assault in front. Captain Dawson and his company were at once called out, and while the others opened fire on the breach in front of them, we dashed down the ravine, Sergeant Paton showing the way. As soon as the enemy saw that the breach behind had been discovered, and their well-defended position was no longer tenable, they fled like sheep through the back gate next to the Goomtee, and another in the direction of the Mootee Munzil. If No. 7 company had got in behind them and cut off their retreat by the back gate, it would have been Secundrabagh over again.'

Paton received the Victoria Cross for that signal service. He was a soldier of the finest type, took part in more than thirty engagements, and passed through them all without so much as a scratch. Paton emigrated in 1861 to Melbourne; a little later he entered the service of the New South Wales Government, and became Governor of Goulburn Gaol, retiring on a pension in February 1896.

A quiet night followed a day so fierce. The troops were exhausted. Their rifles, in addition, had become so foul with four days' heavy work that it was almost impossible to load them. The next day, however, the advance was continued, and position after position was carried, the last being what was known as the Mess-house. This was carried by a wing of the 53rd, led by Captain Hopkins — 'one of the bravest men that ever lived,' says Malleeson; 'a man who literally revelled in danger.' From the summit of the Mess-house the Union Jack was hoisted as a signal to the Residency, but on the flag the exasperated Sepoys concentrated their fire, and twice in succession it was shot down. Forbes-Mitchell says that a previous and successful attempt to signal to the Residency had been made from the Shah Nujeeff. The adjutant of the 93rd, Lieutenant M'Bean, a sergeant, and a little drummer-boy, twelve years old, named Ross, and tiny for his age, climbed to the summit of the dome of the Shah Nujeeff, put a Highland bonnet on the tip of the staff, waved the regimental colour of the 93rd, while the boy sounded the regimental call shrilly on his bugle.

The signal was seen and answered from the Residency, its flag being raised and lowered three times; but every Sepoy battery within range instantly opened on the three figures on the summit of the dome. They quickly descended, but little Ross turned,

ran up the ladder again like a monkey, and, holding on to the spire of the dome with his left hand, blew the call known as 'the Cock of the North' as a blast of defiance to the enemy!

Outram meanwhile was pushing cautiously on in the direction of Campbell's attack, occupying building after building; and late in the afternoon Outram and Havelock and Campbell had clasped hands on the sloping ground in front of the Mess-house. A hole had to be broken through the western wall of the Pearl Palace enclosure to let the chiefs of the beleaguered garrison through, and a slab in the wall still marks the spot. Campbell, Havelock and Outram met on the slope outside the Mess-house, and the meeting of three such soldiers under such conditions was a memorable event. No red-coated Boswell, unhappily, has told us how the veterans greeted each other. The Kaisarbagh, strongly held by the mutineers, overlooked the little patch of rough soil on which the three famous soldiers stood, and every gun that could be trained upon the group broke into fire. It was to an accompaniment of bellowing cannon, of bursting shells, and of whistling bullets that Campbell, Havelock, and Outram exchanged their first greeting.

Young Roberts, with Captain Norman, now Governor of Chelsea Hospital, accompanied Outram and Havelock back to the Residency, and he has described how he passed from post to post, held with such long-enduring and stubborn courage by the relieved garrison. 'When we came,' he says, 'to the Bailey Guard, and looked at the battered walls and gateway, not an inch without a mark of a round shot or bullet, we marvelled that Aitkin and Loughnan could have managed to defend it for nearly five months.' It was found difficult to get the relieved garrison to talk of their own experiences; they were too hungry for news from the outside world! Jones-Parry says, 'The first man of the garrison I met was my old schoolfellow and chum, Meecham. He was an excellent specimen of the condition of the defenders, for he looked more like a greyhound than a man. He was thin as a lath, and his eyes looked sunken into his head.'

Lucknow was relieved; but to reach the Residency had cost Sir Colin Campbell a loss of 45 officers and 496 men. Campbell found his position difficult. He had broken through the besieging force; he had not ended the siege. To hold the Residency meant to be besieged himself. He decided to bring off the Residency garrison, with the women and children, abandoning the shot-

wrecked walls and foul trenches to the enemy. To evacuate the Residency, carrying off in safety, through the lines of a hostile force five times as numerous as his own, 600 women and children and more than 1,000 sick or wounded men, was a great feat, but Sir Colin Campbell accomplished it, and did it so adroitly that not a casualty was incurred, and not a serviceable gun abandoned. So completely, in fact, did Sir Colin Campbell deceive the enemy that their guns were pouring their fire angrily on the Residency for at least four hours after the last British soldier had left it!

Havelock died just as he was being carried out of the slender and battered defences he had reached and held so gallantly. He died of an attack of dysentery, brought on, says Major Anson, 'by running nearly three-quarters of a mile under fire from the Residency to meet the Commander-in-Chief and greet him as his deliverer.'

He lies within the Alumbagh, the place Havelock himself won by an assault so daring when advancing to relieve Lucknow. He was buried on the morning of November 25, and round his rude coffin, on which the battle-flag lay, stood his sorrowing comrades, a group of the most gallant soldiers that earthly battle-fields have ever known—Campbell, and Outram, and Peel, and Adrian Hope, and Fraser Tytler, and the younger Havelock, with men of the Ross-shire Buffs and of the Madras Fusileers, whom Havelock had so often led to victory. On a tree that grew beside the grave the letter H was roughly carved, to mark where Havelock's body lay. To-day the interior of the Alumbagh is a garden, and a shapely obelisk marks the spot where sleeps the dust of one of the bravest soldiers that ever fought for the honour and flag of England.

(To be continued.)

*COUNT HANNIBAL.*¹

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER XXII.

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

THE impulse of La Tribe's foot as he landed had driven the boat into the stream again. It drifted slowly downward; if naught intervened it would take the ground on Count Hannibal's side, a hundred and fifty yards below him. He saw this, and walked along the bank, keeping pace with it, while the Countess sat motionless, crouching in the stern of the craft, her fingers strained about the fatal packet. The slow glide of the boat, as almost imperceptibly it approached the low bank; the stillness of the mirror-like surface on which it moved, leaving only the faintest ripple behind it; the silence—for under the influence of emotion Count Hannibal too was mute—all were in tremendous contrast with the storm which raged in her breast.

Should she—should she even now, with his eyes on her, drop the letters over the side? It needed but a movement. She had only to extend her hand, to relax the tension of her fingers, and the deed was done. It needed only that; but the golden sands of opportunity were running out—were running out fast. Slowly and more slowly, silently and more silently, the boat slid in towards the bank on which he stood, and still she hesitated. The stillness, and the waiting figure, and the watching eyes now but a few feet distant, weighed on her and seemed to paralyse her will. A foot, another foot! A moment and it would be too late; the last of the sands would have run out. The bow of the boat rustled softly through the rushes; it kissed the bank. And her hand still held the letters. It was too late!

'You are not hurt?' he asked curtly.

'No.'

'The scoundrel might have drowned you. Did he go mad?'

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She was silent. He held out his hand, and she gave him the packet. 'I owe you much,' he said, an odd ring of gaiety, almost of triumph, in his tone. 'More than you guess, madame. God made you for a soldier's wife, and a mother of soldiers. What? Ah! you are not well, I am afraid?'

'If I could sit down a minute,' she faltered. She was swaying on her feet.

He supported her across the belt of meadow which fringed the bank, and made her sit down against a tree. Then as his men began to come up—for the alarm had reached them—he would have sent two of them in the boat to fetch Madame St. Lo over. But she would not let him. 'Your maid, then?'

'No, no, monsieur, I need only to be alone a little! Only to be alone,' she answered, her face averted; and believing this he sent the men away, and, taking the boat-himself, he crossed over, took in Madame St. Lo and Carlat, and rowed them to the ferry. Here the wildest rumours were current. One held that the Huguenot had gone out of his senses; another, that he had watched for this opportunity of avenging his brethren; a third, that his intention had been to carry off the Countess and hold her to ransom. Only Tavannes himself, from his position on the farther bank, had seen the packet of letters, and the hand which withheld them; and he said nothing. Nay, when some of the men would have crossed to search for the fugitive, he forbade them, he scarcely knew why, save that it would please her; and when the women would have hurried to join her and hear the tale from her lips he forbade them also.

'She wishes to be alone,' he said curtly.

'Alone? You'll find her dead, or worse!' Madame St. Lo cried, in a fever of curiosity. 'What? Leave a woman alone after——'

'She wishes it.'

Madame laughed cynically; and her laugh brought a tinge of colour to his dark brow. 'Oh, does she?' she sneered. 'Then I understand! Have a care, have a care, or one of these days, when you leave her alone, you'll find them together!'

'Be silent!'

'Certainly,' she returned. 'Only when it happens don't say that you were not warned. You think that she does not hear from him——'

'How can she?' The words were wrung from him.

Madame St. Lo could not contain her contempt. 'How can she!' she retorted. 'You trail a woman half across France, and let her sit by herself, and lie by herself, and all but drown by herself, and you ask how she hears from her lover? You leave her old servants about her, and you ask how she communicates with him?'

'You know nothing!'

'I know this,' she retorted. 'I saw her sitting this morning and smiling and weeping at the same time! Was she thinking of you, monsieur? Or of him? She was looking at the hills through tears; a blue mist hung over them, and I'll wager she saw some one's eyes gazing and some one's hand beckoning out of the blue!'

'Curse you!' he cried, tormented in spite of himself. 'You love to make mischief!'

'No!' she answered swiftly. 'For 'twas not I made the match. But go your way, go your way, and see what kind of a welcome you'll get!'

'I will,' Count Hannibal growled. And he started along the bank to rejoin his wife.

The light in his eyes had died down. Yet would his eyes have been more sombre, his face more harsh, had he known the mind of the woman to whom he was hastening. The Countess had begged to be left alone; but, alone, found the solitude she had craved a cruel gift. She had saved the packet. She had fulfilled her trust. But only to experience, the moment it was too late, the full poignancy of remorse. Before the act, and while the choice lay with her, the betrayal of her husband had loomed large; now she saw that to treat him as she had treated him was the true betrayal, and that even for his sake, and to save him from a fearful sin, it had behoved her to destroy the letters.

Now, it was no longer her duty to him which loomed large; but her duty to the innocent, to the victims of the massacre which she might have stayed, to the people of her faith whom she had abandoned, to the women and children whose death-warrant she had preserved. Now, she perceived that a part more divine had never fallen to woman, nor a responsibility so heavy been laid upon woman. Nor guilt more dread!

She writhed in agony, thinking of it. What had she done? She could hear afar off the sounds of the camp; an occasional outcry, a snatch of laughter. And the cry and the laughter rang

in her ears, a bitter mockery. This summer camp, to what was it the prelude? This forbearance on her husband's part, in what would it end? Were not the one and the other cruel make-believes? Two days, and the men who laughed beside the water would slay and torture with equal zest. A little, and the husband who now chose to be generous would show himself in his true colours. And it was for the sake of such as these that she had played the coward. That she had laid up for herself endless remorse. That henceforth the cries of the innocent would haunt her dreams.

Racked by such thoughts she did not hear his step, and it was his shadow falling across her feet which first warned her of his presence. She looked up, saw him, and involuntarily she recoiled. Then 'Oh! monsieur,' she stammered, her hand pressed to her side, 'I ask your pardon! You frightened me!'

'So it seems,' he answered. And he stood over her regarding her dryly.

'I am not quite—myself yet,' she murmured. His look told her that her start had betrayed her feelings.

The plan of taking a woman by force has this drawback: that he must be a sanguine husband who deems her heart his, and a husband without jealousy, whose suspicions are not aroused by the faintest flush or the lightest word. He knows that she is his unwillingly, a victim, not a mistress; and behind every bush beside the road and behind every mask in the crowd he espies a rival.

Moreover, where women are in question, who is always strong? Or who can say how long he will pursue this plan or that? A man of sternest temper, Count Hannibal had set out on a path of conduct carefully and deliberately chosen; knowing—and he still knew—that if he abandoned it he had little to hope, if the less to fear. But the proof of fidelity which the Countess had just given him had blown to a white heat the smouldering flame in his heart, and Madame St. Lo's gibes, which should have fallen as cold water alike on his hopes and his passion, had but fed the desire to know the best. For all that, he might not have spoken now, if he had not caught her look of affright; strange as it sounds, that look, which of all things should have silenced him and warned him that the time was not yet, stung him out of patience. Suddenly the man in him carried him away.

'You still fear me, then?' he said, in a voice hoarse with feel-

ing. 'Is it for what I do or for what I leave undone that you hate me, madame? Tell me, I beg, for——'

'For neither!' she cried, trembling. His eyes, hot and passionate, were on her, and the blood had mounted to his brow. 'For neither! I do not hate you, monsieur!'

'You fear me then? I am right in that.'

'I fear—that which you carry with you,' she stammered, speaking on impulse and scarcely knowing what she said.

He started, his expression changed. 'So?' he exclaimed. 'So? You know what I carry, do you? And from whom? From whom?' he continued in a tone of menace. 'From whom, if you please, did you get that knowledge?'

'From M. La Tribe,' she muttered. She had not meant to tell him. Why had she told him?

He nodded. 'I might have known it,' he said. 'I more than half suspected it. And so—I should be the more beholden to you for saving the letters. But'—he paused and laughed harshly—'it was out of no love for me you saved them.'

She did not answer or protest; and when he had waited a moment in vain expectation of her protest, a cruel look crept into his eyes. 'Madame,' he said slowly, 'do you never reflect that you may push the part you play too far? That the patience, even of the worst of men, does not endure for ever?'

'I have your word!' she answered.

'And you do not fear?'

'I have your word,' she repeated. And now she looked him bravely in the face, her eyes full of the courage of her race.

The lines of his mouth hardened as he met her look. 'And what have I of yours?' he said in a low voice. 'What have I of yours, madame?'

Her face began to burn at that, her eyes fell and she faltered. 'My gratitude,' she murmured, with an upward look that cried for pity. 'God knows, monsieur, you have that!'

'God knows I do not want it!' he answered. And he laughed derisively. 'Your gratitude!' And he mocked her tone rudely and coarsely. 'Your gratitude?' Then for a minute—for so long a time that she began to wonder and to quake—he was silent. At last, 'A fig for your gratitude,' he said. 'I want your love! I suppose—cold as you are, and a Huguenot—you can love like other women!'

It was the first time he had used the word to her; and though

it fell from his lips like a threat, though he used it as a man presents a pistol, she flushed anew from throat to brow. 'It is not mine to give,' she said in a low voice.

'It is his?'

'Yes, monsieur,' she answered, wondering at her courage, at her audacity, her madness.

'And it cannot be mine—at any time?'

She shook her head, trembling.

'Never?' And, suddenly reaching forward, he gripped her wrist in an iron grasp. There was fury in his tone. His eyes burned her.

Whether it was that set her on another track, or pure despair, or the cry in her ears of little children and of helpless women, something at that moment inspired her, flashed in her eyes and altered her voice. She raised her head and looked him firmly in the face. 'What,' she said, 'do you mean by love?'

'You!' he answered brutally.

'Then—it may be, monsieur,' she returned. 'There—there is a way if you will.'

'A way!'

'If you will!' And as she spoke she rose slowly to her feet; for in his surprise he had released her wrist. He rose with her, and they stood confronting one another on the strip of grass between the river and the poplars.

'If I will?' His form seemed to dilate, as his eyes devoured her. 'If I will?'

'Yes. If you will give me the letters that are in your belt, the packet which I saved to-day—that I may destroy them—I will be yours freely and willingly.'

He drew a deep breath, still devouring her with his eyes. 'You mean it?' he said at last.

'I do.' She looked him in the face as she spoke, and her cheeks were white, not red, 'Only—the letters! Give me the letters.'

'And for them you will give me your love?'

Her eyes flickered, and involuntarily she shivered. A faint blush rose and dyed her cheeks. 'Only God can give love,' she said.

'And yours is given?'

'Yes.'

'To another?'

She nodded.

'It is his. And yet for these letters——'

'For these lives!' she said proudly.

'You will give yourself?'

'I swear it,' she cried, 'if you will give them to me! If you will give them to me,' she repeated. And she held out her hands; her face, full of passion, was bright with a strange light. A close observer might have thought her distraught; still haunted by the struggle in the boat, and barely mistress of herself.

But the man whom she tempted, the man who held her price at his belt, after one searching look at her turned from her; perhaps because he could not trust himself to gaze on her. Count Hannibal walked a dozen paces from her and returned, and again a dozen paces and returned; and again a third time, with something fierce and passionate in his gait. At last he stopped before her.

'You have nothing to offer,' he said, in a cold, hard tone. 'Nothing that is not mine already, nothing that is not my right, nothing that I cannot take at my will. My word?' he continued, seeing her about to interrupt him. 'True, madame, you have it, you had it. But why need I keep my word to you, who would fain tempt me to break my word to the King?'

She made a weak gesture with her hands. Her head had sunk on her breast—she seemed dazed by the shock of his contempt, dazed by this reception of her offer.

'You saved the letters?' he continued, interpreting her action. 'True, but the letters are mine, and that which you offer for them is mine also. You have nothing to offer. For the rest, madame,' he went on, eying her cynically, 'you surprise me! You, whose modesty and virtue are so great, would corrupt your husband, would sell yourself, would dishonour the love of which you boast so loudly, the love that only God gives!' He laughed derisively as he quoted her words. 'Ay, and, after showing at how low a price you hold yourself, you still look, I doubt not, to me to respect you, and to keep my word. Madame!' in a terrible voice, 'do not play with fire! You saved my letters, it is true! And for that, for this time, you shall go free, if God will help me to let you go! But tempt me not! Tempt me not!' he repeated, turning from her and turning back again with a strange gesture, a gesture almost of despair, as if he mistrusted the strength of the restraint which he put upon himself. 'I am no more than other men!

Perhaps I am less. And you—you who prate of love, and know not what love is—could love ! could love !'

He stopped on that word as if the word choked him—stopped, struggling with his passion. At last, with a half-stifled oath, he flung away from her, halted and hung a moment, then, with a swing of rage, went off again violently. His feet as he strode along the river-bank trampled the flowers, and slew the pale water forget-me-not, which grew among the grasses.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A MIND, AND NOT A MIND.

LA TRIBE tore through the thicket, imagining Carlat and Count Hannibal hot on his heels. He dared not pause even to listen. The underwood tripped him, the lissom branches of the alders whipped his face and blinded him ; once he fell headlong over a moss-grown stone, and picked himself up groaning. But the hare hard-pushed takes no account of the briars, nor does the fox heed the mud through which it draws itself into covert. And for the time he was naught but a hunted beast. With elbows pinned to his sides, or with hands extended to ward off the boughs, with bursting lungs and crimson face, he plunged through the tangle, now slipping downwards, now leaping upwards, now all but prostrate, now breasting a mass of thorns. On and on he ran, until he came to the verge of the wood, saw before him an open meadow devoid of shelter or hiding-place, and with a groan of despair cast himself flat. He listened. How far were they behind him ?

He heard nothing. Nothing, save the common noises of the wood, the angry chatter of a disturbed blackbird as it flew low into hiding, or the harsh notes of a flock of starlings as they rose from the meadow. The hum of bees filled the air, and the August flies buzzed about his sweating brow, for he had lost his cap. But behind him—nothing. Already the stillness of the wood had closed upon his track.

He was not the less panic-stricken. He argued that Tavannes' people were getting to horse. If they surrounded and beat the wood, which was not of such size that it could not be searched, he must be taken. And at the thought,

though he had barely got his breath, he rose, and keeping within the coppice crawled down the slope towards the river. Gently, when he reached it, he slipped into the water, and stooping below the level of the bank, his head and shoulders hidden by a screen of leaves, he waded down stream until he had put another hundred and fifty yards between himself and pursuit. Then he paused and listened. Still he heard nothing, and he waded on again, until the water began to grow deep. Now he marked a little below him a clump of trees on the farther side; and reflecting that that side—if he could reach it unseen—would be less suspect, he swam across, aiming for a thorn bush which grew down to the water. Under its shelter he crawled out, and, worming himself like a snake across the few yards of grass which intervened, he stood at length within the shadow of the trees. A moment he stood to shake himself, and then, remembering that he was still within a mile of the camp, he set off, now walking, and now running in the direction of the hills which his party had crossed that morning.

For a time he hurried on, thinking only of escape. But when he had covered a mile or two there began to mingle with his thankfulness a something bitter—a something which grew more bitter with each moment. Why had he fled and left the work undone? Why had he given way to unworthy fear, when the letters were within his grasp? True, if he had lingered a few seconds longer, he would have failed to make good his escape; but what of that if in those seconds he had destroyed the letters, he had saved Angers, he had saved his brethren? Alas! he had played the coward. The terror of Tavannes' voice had unmanned him. He had saved himself and left the flock to perish; he, whom God had set apart by many and great signs for this work!

He had commonly courage enough. He could have died at the stake for his convictions. But he had not the presence of mind which is proof against a shock, nor the cool judgment which, in the face of death, sees to the end of two roads. He was no coward; but now he deemed himself one, and in an agony of remorse he flung himself on his face in the long grass. He had known trials and temptations, but hitherto he had held himself erect; now, like Peter, he had betrayed his Lord.

He lay an hour groaning in the misery of his heart, and then he fell on the text 'Thou art Peter, and on this rock——' and he

sat up. Peter had betrayed his trust through cowardice—as he had. But Peter had not been held unworthy. Might it not be so with him? He rose to his feet, a new light in his eyes. He would return! He would return, and at all costs, even at the cost of surrendering himself, he would obtain access to the letters. And then—not the fear of Count Hannibal, not the fear of instant death, should turn him again from his duty.

He had cast himself down in a woodland glade which lay near the path along which he had ridden that morning. But the mental conflict from which he rose had shaken him so violently that he could not recall the side on which he had entered the clearing, and he turned himself about, endeavouring to remember. At that moment the light jingle of a bridle struck his ear; he caught through the green bushes the flash and sparkle of harness. They had tracked him then, they were here! So had he clear proof that this second chance was to be his. In a happy fervour he stood forward where the pursuers could not fail to see him.

Or so he thought. Yet the first horseman, riding carelessly with his face averted and his feet dangling, would have gone by and seen nothing if his horse, more watchful, had not stopped. The man turned then; and for a moment the two stared at one another between the pricked ears of the horse. At last,

‘M. de Tignonville!’ the minister cried.

‘La Tribe!’

‘It is truly you?’

‘Well—I think so,’ the young man answered.

The minister lifted up his eyes and seemed to call the trees and the clouds and the birds to witness. ‘Now,’ he cried, ‘I know that I am chosen! And that we are instruments to do this thing from the day when the hen saved us in the hay-cart in Paris! Now I know that all is forgiven and all is ordained! And that the faithful of Angers shall to-morrow live and not die!’ And with a face radiant, yet solemn, he walked to the young man’s stirrup.

An instant Tignonville looked sharply before him. ‘How far ahead are they?’ he asked. His tone, hard and matter-of-fact, was little in harmony with the other’s enthusiasm.

‘They are resting a league before you, at the ferry. You are in pursuit of them?’

‘Yes.’

‘Not alone?’

‘No,’ the young man answered, with a grim look. ‘I have five behind me—of your kidney, M. La Tribe. They are from the Arsenal. They have lost one his wife, and one his son. The three others——’

‘Yes?’

‘Sweethearts,’ Tignonville answered. And he cast a singular downward look at the minister.

But La Tribe’s mind was so full of one matter, he could think only of that. ‘How did you hear of the letters?’ he cried.

‘The letters?’

‘Yes.’

‘I don’t know what you mean.’

La Tribe stared. ‘Then why are you following him?’ he asked.

‘Why?’ Tignonville cried, a look of hate darkening his face. ‘Do you ask why we follow——’ But on the name he seemed to choke and was silent.

By this time, however, his men had come up, and one answered for him. ‘Why are we following Hannibal de Tavannes?’ he said sternly. ‘To do to him as he has done to us! To rob him as he has robbed us—of more than gold! To kill him as he has killed ours, foully and by surprise! In his bed if we can! In the arms of his wife if God wills it!’

The speaker’s face was haggard from brooding and want of sleep, but his eyes glowed and burned, as his fellows growled assent.

‘Tis simple why we follow,’ put in a second. ‘Is there a man of our faith who will not, when he hears the tale, rise up and stab the nearest of this black brood—though it be his brother? If so, God’s curse on him!’

‘Amen! Amen!’

‘So, and so only,’ cried the first, ‘shall there be faith in our land! And our children, our little maids, shall lie safe in their beds!’

‘Amen! Amen!’

The speaker’s chin sank on his breast, and with his last word the light died out of his eyes. La Tribe looked at him curiously, then at the others. Last of all at Tignonville, on whose face he fancied that he surprised a faint smile. Yet Tignon-

ville's tone when he spoke was grave enough. 'You have heard,' he said. 'Do you blame us?'

'I cannot,' the minister answered, shivering. 'I cannot.' He had been for a while beyond the range of these feelings; and in the greenwood, under God's heaven, with the sunshine about him, they jarred on him. Yet he could not blame men who had suffered as these had suffered; who were maddened, as these were maddened, by the gravest wrongs which it is possible for one man to inflict on another. 'I dare not,' he continued sorrowfully. 'But in God's name I offer you a higher and a nobler errand.'

'We need none,' Tignonville muttered impatiently.

'Yet may others need you,' La Tribe answered in a tone of rebuke. 'You are not aware, then, that the man you follow bears a packet from the King for the hands of the magistrates of Angers?'

'Ha!'

'Bidding them do at Angers as his Majesty has done in Paris?'

The men broke into cries of execration. 'But he shall not see Angers!' they swore. 'The blood that he has shed shall choke him by the way! And as he would do to others it shall be done to him.'

La Tribe shuddered as he listened, as he looked. Try as he would, the thirst of these men for vengeance appalled him. 'How?' he said. 'He has a score and more with him: and you are only six.'

'Seven now,' Tignonville answered with a smile.

'True, but——'

'And he lies to-night at La Flèche? That is so?'

'It was his intention this morning.'

'At the old King's Inn at the meeting of the great roads?'

'It was mentioned,' La Tribe admitted, with a reluctance he did not comprehend. 'But if the night be fair he is as like as not to lie in the fields.'

One of the men pointed to the sky. A dark bank of cloud fresh risen from the ocean, and big with tempest, hung low in the west. 'See! God will deliver him into our hands!' he cried.

Tignonville nodded. 'If he lie there,' he said, 'He will.' And then to one of his followers, as he dismounted, 'Do you ride on,' he said, 'and stand guard that we be not surprised. And do

you, Perrot, tell monsieur. Perrot here, as God wills it,' he added with a faint smile which did not escape the minister's eye, 'married his wife from the great inn at La Flèche, and he knows the place.'

'None better,' the man growled. He was a sullen, brooding knave, whose eyes when he looked up surprised by their savage fire.

La Tribe shook his head. 'I know it, too,' he said. 'Tis strong as a fortress, with a walled court, and all the windows look inwards. The gates are closed an hour after sunset, no matter who is without. If you think, M. de Tignonville, to take him there——'

'Patience, monsieur, you have not heard me,' Perrot interposed. 'I know it after another fashion. Do you remember a rill of water which runs through the great yard and the stables?'

La Tribe nodded.

'Grated with iron at either end, and no passage for so much as a dog? You do? Well, monsieur, I have hunted rats there, for where the water passes under the wall is a culvert, a man's height in length. And I know a stone, one of those which frame the grating at the entrance, which a strong man can remove—and the man is in!'

'Ay, in! But where?' La Tribe asked, his eyebrows drawn together.

'Well said, monsieur, where?' Perrot rejoined in a tone of triumph. 'There lies the point. In the stables, where will be sleeping men, and a snorer on every truss? No, but in a fairway between two stables where the water at its entrance runs clear in a stone channel; a channel deepened in one place that they may draw for the chambers above with a rope and a bucket. The rooms above are the best in the house, four in one row, opening all on the gallery; which was uncovered, in the common fashion until Queen-Mother Jezebel, passing that way to Nantes, two years gone, found the chambers draughty; and that end of the gallery was closed in against her return. Now, monsieur, he and his madame will lie there; and he will feel safe, for there is but one way to those four rooms—through the door which shuts off the covered gallery from the open part. But——' he glanced up an instant and La Tribe caught the smouldering fire in his eyes—'we shall not go in by the door.'

'The bucket rises through a trap?'

'In that gallery? To be sure, monsieur. In the corner beyond the fourth door. There shall he fall into the pit which he dug for others, and the evil that he planned rebound on his own head!'

La Tribe was silent. 'What think you of it?' Tignonville asked.

'That it is cleverly planned,' the minister answered.

'No more than that?'

'No more until I have eaten.'

'Get him something!' Tignonville said in a surly tone. 'And we may as well eat, ourselves. Lead the horses into the wood. And do you, Perrot, call Tuez-les-Moines, who is forward. Two hours' riding should bring us to La Flèche. We need not leave here until the sun is low. To dinner! To dinner!'

Probably he did not feel the indifference he affected, for his face as he ate grew darker, and from time to time he shot a glance, barbed with suspicion, at the minister. La Tribe on his side remained silent, although the men ate apart. He was in doubt, indeed, as to his own feelings. His instinct and his reason were at odds. Only, through all, a single purpose, the rescue of Angers, held good. Gradually other things fell into their places, and when the meal was at an end, and Tignonville challenged him, he was ready.

'Your enthusiasm seems to have waned,' the younger man said with a sneer, 'since we met, monsieur! May I ask now if you find any fault with the plan?'

'With the plan, none.'

'If it was Providence brought us together, was it not Providence furnished me with Perrot who knows La Flèche? If it was Providence brought the danger of the faithful in Angers to your knowledge, was it not Providence set us on the road—without whom you had been powerless?'

'I believe it!'

'Then, in His name, what is the matter?' Tignonville cried with a passion of which the other's manner seemed an inadequate cause. 'What will you! What is it?'

'I would take your place,' La Tribe answered quietly.

'My place?'

'Yes.'

'What, are we too many?'

'We are enough without you, M. Tignonville,' the minister

answered. 'These men, who have wrongs to avenge, God will justify them.'

Tignonville's eyes sparkled with anger. 'And have I no wrongs to avenge?' he cried. 'Is it nothing to lose my mistress, to be robbed of my wife, to see the woman I love dragged off to be a slave and a toy? Are these no wrongs?'

'He spared your life, if he did not save it,' the minister said solemnly. 'And hers. And her servants.'

'To suit himself.'

La Tribe spread out his hands.

'And for that you wish him to go free?' Tignonville cried in a voice half-choked with rage. 'Do you know that this man, and this man alone, stood forth in the great Hall of the Louvre, and when even the King flinched, justified the murder of our people? After that is he to go free?'

'At your hands,' La Tribe answered quietly. 'You alone of our people must not pursue him.' And he would have added more, but Tignonville would not listen.

Brooding on his wrongs behind the wall of the Arsenal, he had let hatred eat away his more generous instincts. Vain before all things, he fancied that the world laughed at the poor figure he had cut; and the wound in his vanity had festered until nothing would serve but to see the downfall of his enemy. Instant pursuit, instant vengeance—only these, he fancied, could restore him in his fellows' eyes.

In his heart he knew what would become him better. But vanity is a potent motive: and his conscience, even when supported by La Tribe, struggled but weakly. From neither would he hear more. 'You have travelled with him, until you side with him!' he cried violently. 'Have a care, monsieur, lest we think you papist!' And walking over to the men he bade them saddle; adding a sour word which turned their eyes, in no friendly gaze, on the minister.

After that La Tribe said no more.

But as darkness came on and cloaked the little troop, and the storm which the men had foreseen began to rumble in the west, his distaste for the business waxed stronger. The summer lightning which presently began to play across the sky revealed not only the broad gleaming stream, between which and a wooded hill lay their road, but the faces of his companions; and these in their turn shed a grisly light on the bloody enterprise towards

which they were set. Nervous and ill at ease, the minister's mind dwelt unpleasantly on the stages of that enterprise: the stealthy entrance through the waterway, the ascent through the trap, the surprise, the slaughter in the sleeping-chamber. And either because he had lived for days in the victim's company, or was swayed by the arguments he had addressed to another, the prospect shook his soul.

In vain he told himself that this was the oppressor; he saw only the man, fresh roused from sleep, with the horror of impending dissolution in his eyes. And when the rider, behind whom he sat, pointed to a faint spark of light, at no great distance before them, and whispered that it was St. Agnes's Chapel, hard by the inn, he could have cried with the best Catholic of them all, '*Inter pontem et fontem, Domine!*' Nay, some such words did pass his lips.

For the man before him turned half-way in his saddle. 'What?' he asked.

But the Huguenot did not explain.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AT THE KING'S INN.

THE Countess sat up in the darkness of the chamber and listened. She had writhed since noon under the stings of remorse; she could bear them no longer. The slow declension of the day, as they rode, the evening light, the signs of coming tempest which had driven her company to the shelter of the inn at the cross-roads, all had racked her, by reminding her that the hours were flying, and that soon the fault she had committed would be irreparable. One impulsive attempt to redeem it she had made, we know; but it had failed, and, by rendering her suspect, had made reparation more difficult. Still, by daylight it had seemed possible to rest content with the attempt made; not so now, when night had fallen, and the cries of little children and the haggard eyes of mothers peopled the darkness of her chamber. She sat up, and listened with throbbing temples.

To shut out the lightning which played at intervals across the heavens, Madame St. Lo, who shared the room, had covered the window with a cloak; and the place was perfectly dark. To

exclude the dull roll of the thunder was less easy, for the night was oppressively hot, and behind the cloak the casement was open. Gradually, too, another sound, the hissing fall of heavy rain, began to make itself heard, and to mingle with the regular breathing which proved that Madame St. Lo slept.

Assured of this last fact, the Countess presently heaved a sigh, and slipped from the bed. She groped in the darkness for her cloak, found it, and put it on over her night-gear. Then, taking her bearings by her bed, which stood with its head to the window and its foot to the entrance, she felt her way across the floor to the door, and after passing her hands a dozen times, as it seemed to her, over every part of it, she found the latch, and raised it. The door creaked, as she pulled it open, and she stood arrested; but the sound went no farther, for the roofed gallery outside, which looked by two windows on the courtyard, was full of the outdoor noises, the rushing of rain and the running of spouts and eaves. One of the windows stood wide, admitting the rain and wind, and as she paused, holding the door open, the draught blew the cloak from her. She stepped out quickly and shut the door behind her. On her left was the blind end of the passage; she turned to the right. She took one step into the darkness, and stood motionless. Beside her, within a few feet of her, some one had moved, with a dull sound as of a boot on wood; a sound so near her that she held her breath, and pressed herself against the wall.

She listened. Perhaps some of the servants—it was a common usage—had made their beds on the floor of the passage. Perhaps one of the women had stirred in the room against the wall of which she crouched. Perhaps—but, even while she reassured herself, the sound rose again at her feet.

Fortunately at the same instant the glare of the lightning flooded all, and showed the passage, and showed it empty. It lit up the row of doors on her right and the small windows on her left; and discovered facing her, the door which shut off the rest of the house. She could have thanked—nay, she did thank God for that light. If the sound she had heard recurred she did not hear it; for, as the thunder which followed hard on the flash, crashed overhead and rolled heavily eastwards, she felt her way boldly along the passage, touching first one door, and then a second, and then a third.

She groped for the latch of this last, and found it, but, with

her hand on it, paused. She strove to summon up her courage, strove to hear again the cries of misery and to see again the haggard eyes which had driven her hither. And if she did not wholly succeed, other reflections came to her aid. This storm, which covered all smaller noises, and opened, now and again, God's lantern for her use, did it not prove that He was on her side, and that she might count on His protection? The thought at least was timely, and with a better heart she gathered her wits. Waiting until the thunder broke over her head, she opened the door boldly, slid within it, and closed it. She would fain have left it ajar, that she might escape the more easily in case of need. But the wind, which beat into the passage through the open window, rendered the precaution too perilous.

She went forward two paces into the room, and as the roll of the thunder died away she stooped forward and listened with painful intensity for the sound of Count Hannibal's breathing. But the window was open, and the hiss of the rain persisted. She could hear nothing through it, and fearfully she took another step forward. The window should be before her; the bed in the corner to the left of it. But nothing of either could she make out. She must wait for the lightning.

It came, and for a second or more the room shone. The window, the low truckle-bed, the sleeper, she saw all with dazzling clearness, and before the flash had well passed she was crouching low, with the hood of her cloak dragged about her face. For the glare had revealed Count Hannibal; but not asleep! He lay on his side, his face towards her; lay with open eyes, staring at her.

Or had the light tricked her? The light must have tricked her, for in the interval between the flash and the thunder, while she crouched quaking, he did not move or call. The light must have deceived her. She felt so certain of it that she found courage to remain where she was until another flash came and showed him sleeping with closed eyes.

She drew a breath of relief then, and rose slowly to her feet. But she dared not go forward until a third flash had confirmed the second. Then, while the thunder burst overhead and rolled away, she crept on until she stood beside the pillow, and stooping, could hear the sleeper's even breathing.

Alas! the worst remained to be done. The packet, she was sure of it, lay under his pillow. How was she to find it, how remove it without rousing him? A touch might awake him.

And yet, if she would not return empty-handed, if she would not go back to the harrowing thoughts which had tortured her through the day, it must be done, and done now.

She knew this, yet she hung irresolute a moment, blenching before the manual act, listening to the persistent rush and down-pour of the rain. Then a second time she drew courage from the storm. How timely had it broken! How signally had it aided her! How slight had been her chance without it! And so at last, resolutely but with a deft touch, she slid her fingers between the pillow and the bed, slightly pressing down the latter with her other hand. For an instant she fancied that the sleeper's breathing stopped, and her heart gave a great bound. But the breathing went on the next instant—if it had stopped—and dreading the return of the lightning, shrinking from being revealed so near him, and in that act—for which the darkness seemed more fitting—she groped farther, and touched something. And then, as her fingers closed upon it and grasped it, and his breath rose hot to her burning cheek, she knew that the real danger lay in the withdrawal.

At the first attempt he uttered a kind of grunt and moved, throwing out his hand. She thought that he was going to awake, and had hard work to keep herself where she was; but he did not awake, and she began again with so infinite a precaution that the perspiration ran down her face and her hair within the hood hung dank on her neck. Slowly, oh so slowly, she drew back the hand, and with it the packet; so slowly, and yet so resolutely, being put to it, that when the dreaded flash surprised her, and she saw his harsh swarthy face, steeped in the mysterious aloofness of sleep, within a hand's breadth of hers, not a muscle of her arm moved, nor did her hand quiver.

And it was done—at last! With a burst of gratitude, of triumph, of exultation, she stood erect. She realised that it was done, and that here in her hand she held the packet. One deep gasp of relief, of joy, of thankfulness, and then she glided towards the door.

She groped for the latch, and in the act fancied his breathing was changed. She paused and bent her head to listen. But the patter of the rain, drowning all sounds save those of the nearest origin, persuaded her that she was mistaken, and, finding the latch, she raised it softly, slipped like a shadow into the passage, and closed the door behind her.

And that done she stood arrested, all the blood in her body running to her heart. She must be dreaming! The passage in which she stood—the passage which she had left in black darkness—was alight; was so far lighted, at least, that to eyes fresh from the night, the figures of three men, grouped at the farther end, stood out against the glow of the lantern which they appeared to be trimming, for the two nearest were stooping over it. These two had their backs to her, the third his face; and it was the sight of this third man which had driven the blood to her heart. For he ended at the waist! It was only after a few seconds, it was only when she had gazed at him awhile in speechless horror, that he rose another foot from the floor, and she saw that he had paused in the act of ascending through a trapdoor. What the scene meant, who these men were, or what their entrance portended, with these questions her brain refused at the moment to grapple. It was much that—still remembering who might hear her, and what she held—she did not shriek aloud.

Instead, she stood in the gloom at her end of the passage, gazing with all her eyes until she had seen the third man step clear of the trap. She could see him; but the light intervened and blurred his view of her. He stooped, almost as soon as he had cleared himself, to help up a fourth man, who rose with a naked knife between his teeth. She saw then that all were armed, and something stealthy in their bearing, something cruel in their eyes as the light of the lantern fell now on one dark face and now on another, went to her heart and chilled it. Who were they, and why were they here? What was their purpose? As her reason awoke, as she asked herself these questions, the fourth man stooped in his turn, and gave his hand to a fifth. And on that she lost her self-control and cried out. For the last man to ascend was La Tribe! La Tribe, from whom she had parted that morning!

The sound which broke from her was low, but it reached the men's ears, and the two who had their backs towards her turned as if they had been pricked. He who held the lantern raised it, and the five glared at her and she at them. Then a second cry, louder and more full of astonishment, burst from her lips. For the nearest man, he who held the lantern high that he might view her, was Tignonville, was her lover!

'*Mon Dieu!*' she cried. 'What is it?'

Then, not till then, did he know her. The light of the lantern had revealed only a cloaked and cowed figure, a gloomy phantom which shook the heart of more than one of the men with superstitious terror. But they knew her now—two of them; and slowly Tignonville came forward, as in a dream.

The mind has its moments of crisis, in which it acts upon instinct rather than upon reason. The girl never knew why she acted as she did; why she asked no questions, why she uttered no exclamations, no remonstrances. Why, with a finger on her lips and her eyes on his, she put the packet into his hands.

He took it from her, as mechanically as she had given it—with the hand which held his bare blade. That done, silent as she, with his eyes set hard, he would have gone by her. The sight of her *there*, guarding the door of him who had stolen her from him, exasperated his worst passions.

But she moved to hinder him, and still barred the way. And with her hand raised she pointed to the trapdoor. 'Go now!' she whispered, her tone stern and low, 'you have what you want! Go, sir——'

'No!' he said, and, still meeting her eyes with his, tried feebly to pass her.

'Go!' she repeated in the same tone. 'You have what you need, sir.' And still she held her hand extended; still without faltering she faced the five men, while the thunder, growing more distant, rolled sullenly eastward, and the midnight rain, pouring from every spout and dripping eave about the house, wrapped the passage in its sibilant hush. Gradually her eyes dominated his, her nobler nature and nobler aim subdued his weaker parts. For she understood now; and he saw that she did, and had he been alone he would have slunk away, and said no word in his defence.

But one of the men, savage, out of patience, thrust himself between them. 'Where is he?' he muttered. 'Where is he?' And his bloodshot eyes—it was Tuez-les-Moines—questioned the doors, while his hand, trembling and shaking on the haft of his knife, bespoke his eagerness. 'Where is he? Where is he, woman? Quick, or——'

'I shall not tell you,' she answered.

'You lie,' he cried, grinning like a dog. 'You will tell us! Or—— Where is he? Where is he?'

'I shall not tell you,' she repeated, standing in the fear-

lessness of scorn before him. 'Another step and I rotise the house! M. de Tignonville, to you who know me, I swear that if this man does not retire ——'

'He is in one of these rooms? In which? In which?'

'Search them!' she answered, her voice low, but biting in its contempt. 'Try them. Rouse my women, alarm the house! And when you have his people at your throats—five as they will be to one of you—thank your own mad folly!'

Tuez-les-Moines' eyes glittered. 'You will not tell us?' he cried.

'No!'

'Then ——'

But as the fanatic sprang on her, La Tribe flung his arms round him and dragged him back. 'It would be madness,' he cried. 'Are you mad, fool? Have done!' he panted, struggling with him. 'If madame gives the alarm—and he may be in any one of these four rooms, you cannot be sure which—we are undone.' He looked for support to Tignonville, whose movement to protect the girl he had anticipated, and who had since listened sullenly. 'We have obtained what we need. Will you requite madame, who has gained it for us at her own risk ——'

'It is monsieur I would requite,' Tignonville muttered grimly.

'By using violence to her?' the minister retorted passionately. He and Tuez were still gripping one another. 'I tell you, to go on is to risk what we have got! And I for one ——'

'Am chicken-hearted!' the young man sneered. 'Madame——' he seemed to choke on the word. 'Will you swear that he is not here?'

'I swear that if you do not go I will raise the alarm!' she hissed—all their words were sunk to that stealthy note. 'Go! if you have not stayed too long already. Go! Or see!' And she pointed to the trapdoor, from which the face and arms of a sixth man had that moment risen—the face dark with perturbation, so that her woman's wit told her that something was amiss. 'See what has come of your delay already!'

'The water is rising,' the man muttered earnestly. 'In God's name come, whether you have done it or not, or we cannot pass out again. It is within a foot of the crown of the culvert now, and it is rising.'

'Curse on the water!' Tuez-les-Moines answered in a frenzied whisper. 'And on this Jezebel. Let us kill her and him! And afterwards——' And he tried to shake off La Tribe's grasp.

But the minister held him desperately. 'Are you mad? Are you mad?' he answered. 'What can we do against thirty? Let us be gone while we can. Let us be gone! Come.'

'Ay, come,' Perrot cried, assenting reluctantly. He had taken no side hitherto. 'The luck is against us! 'Tis no use to-night, man!' And he turned. Letting his legs drop through the trap he followed the bearer of the tidings out of sight. Another made up his mind to go, and went. Then only Tignonville holding the lantern, and La Tribe, who feared to release Tuez-les-Moines, remained with the fanatic.

The Countess's eyes met her old lover's. And whether old memories overcame her, or, now that the danger was nearly past, she began to give way, she swayed a little on her feet. But he did not notice it, 'He was sunk in black, sullen rage: rage against her, rage against himself. 'Take the light,' she muttered unsteadily. 'And—and he must follow!'

'And you?'

But she could bear it no longer. 'Oh, go,' she wailed. 'Oh, go! Will you never go? If you love me, if you ever loved me, I implore you to go.'

He had betrayed little enough of a lover's feeling. But he could not resist that appeal, and he turned silently. Seizing Tuez-les-Moines by the other arm, he drew him by force to the trap. 'Quiet, fool,' he muttered savagely when the man would have resisted, 'and go down! If we stay to kill him, we shall have no way of escape, and his life will be dearly bought. Down, man, down!' And between them, in a struggling silence, with now and then an audible rap, or a ring of metal, the two forced the desperado to descend.

La Tribe followed hastily. Tignonville was the last to go. In the act of disappearing he raised his lantern for a last glimpse of the Countess. To his astonishment the passage was empty; she was gone. Hard by him a door stood an inch or two ajar, and he guessed that it was hers, and swore under his breath, hating her at that moment. But he did not guess how nicely she had calculated her strength; how nearly exhaustion had overcome her; or that even while he paused—a fatal pause had he known it—eying the dark opening of the door, she lay as one dead, on the bed

within. She had fallen in a swoon, from which she did not recover until the sun had risen, and marched across one quarter of the heavens.

Nor did he see another thing, or he might have hastened his steps. Before the yellow light of his lantern faded from the ceiling of the passage, the door of the room farthest from the trap was opened. A man, whose eyes, until darkness swallowed him, shone strangely in a face extraordinarily softened, came out on tip-toe. This man stood awhile, listening. At last, hearing a cry which seemed to rise from below, he awoke to sudden and fierce activity. He opened with a turn of the key the door which stood at his elbow, the door which led to the other part of the house. He vanished through it. A second later a sharp whistle pierced the darkness of the courtyard and brought a dozen sleepers to their senses and their feet. A moment, and the courtyard hummed with voices, above which one voice rang clear and insistent. With a startled cry the inn awoke.

(To be continued.)

